

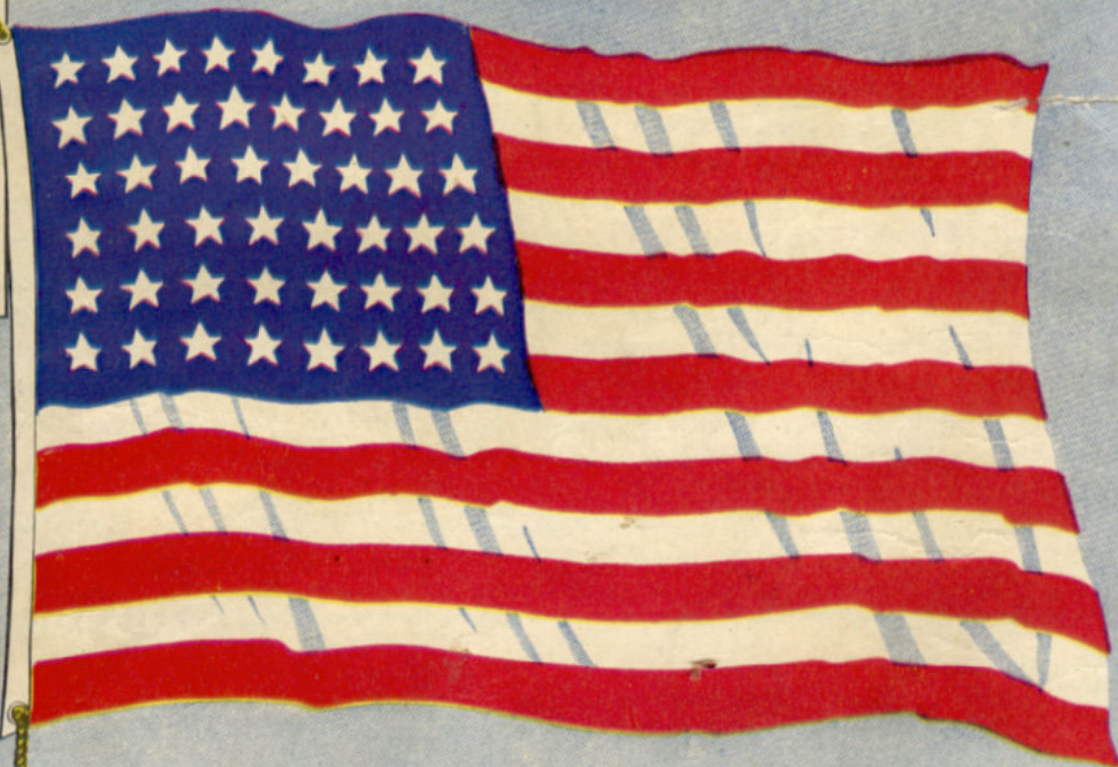
Brand New COMIC!
PLUS
DAN'L FLANNEL
DICK COLE ★ EDISON BELL ★ CADET

SUMMER
ISSUE

10¢

4 MOST

MOST



*"What so proudly we hail..."
as*

United We Stand!



Vol. 1 No. 3



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

YE EDITORS' PAGE

Dear Readers:

Here we are again with another issue of 4MOST Comics in response to the many letters you have written asking us to "Keep it going". Well, 4MOST has really clicked with you all and is being published regularly every three months. 4MOST was begun, you know, in order to give you loads of extra pages of some of the comic characters you like best which regularly appear in TARGET and BLUE BOLT Comics. This time we are surprising you, however, with a brand new strip bringing a brand new friend for you all. Yes, it's DAN'L FLANNEL with his Uncle Dud, his "dream gal" Beulah Belle, the villainous Spotless Sam and lots of others, but turn the pages and meet them for yourselves. Follow their adventures and be sure to let us know what you think of these folks from Homespun Center. DAN'L's creator, Bart Tumey, is a newcomer to the ranks of our artists. We think Bart's characters and places are new and different, but again we're going to let you judge for yourselves.

Are all of you readers doing your part to HELP KEEP 'EM FLYING by buying War Savings Stamps and Bonds? We gather that most of you are because of the many letters we have received similar to those printed below from M. Brier and Earl Vetter. Patriotic boys and girls are forming JUNIOR AIR RAID WARDEN CLUBS all over the country. These clubs, as we explained before, are cooperating with the senior Air Raid Wardens in every possible manner, and, most important of all, they are collecting scrap metals, paper, etc., which is sold back to Uncle Sam to be used in our fight for VICTORY. The money received from the sale of this scrap material is then used to buy War Savings Stamps and Bonds.

Old Glory seldom appears on the cover of a magazine, but, as this issue goes on sale about July 1st, many of our country's more popular magazines, totalling millions of copies in all, will also have Our Flag on the cover. We don't mean to make any puns about our title, but we're pretty sure that everyone of you readers will agree that Old Glory is foremost in our hearts of all the flags in the world. United we stand behind it and united we are one and all going to do our part to see that, "The Star Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

YOU CAN DO YOUR PART BY BUYING UNITED STATES WAR SAVINGS STAMPS AND BONDS.

Dear Sirs:

I am trying to form in our neighborhood a group of Junior Air Raid Wardens. I received your Spring Issue of 4MOST Comics and was inspired to make such a club. We would like to know how to make your Air Raid Listening Post and other things that may help us in further development. One of the member's father is an Air Raid Warden and he approved of the idea completely as we need such organizations in this time of emergency and defense.

Earl Vetter, Secretary
Bristol, Pa.

—(We are sorry that we have no back number copies of 4MOST left, Earl, but maybe you can borrow a copy from a friend showing how to make the Air Raid Listening Post.)

Dear Editors:

Your idea about starting a Junior Air Raid Warden club is excellent. In fact, my friends and I have started a post going and we are getting along swell. We have a record of 800 pounds of paper in a single week of doing our bit for our country.

I hope that you and your staff will publish more new inventions.

Thank you.

Yours truly,
M. Brier
Bronx, New York

—(You're off to a swell start with your Post and you and other members of your group must get a real "kick" out of knowing that you're doing your bit.)

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO 4MOST COMICS, 292 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

DICK COLE

WONDER

BOY!

BECAUSE OF PAST COOPERATION, DICK AND HIS PAL, SIMBA, HAVE SECURED F.B.I. PERMISSION TO MAKE A CANOE TRIP THROUGH ALASKA!

HOLY SMOKE!
I LIKE ACTION--
BUT I DON'T
WANT TO GO
OVERBOARD
ABOUT IT!

KEEP YOUR
SHIRT ON, SIMBA!
-YOU'LL NEED IT!

THEY BRAVELY FACE THE
DANGERS OF A SWIFTLY-
RUNNING RIVER, NEVER
REALIZING THAT THEY ARE
SOON TO ENCOUNTER THE
MOST AMAZING ADVENTURE
OF THEIR LIVES...

in the
Mystery OF THE TOTEM'S EYES

4MOST, Vol. 1, No. 3, Summer 1942 Issue, published quarterly by Novelty Press, Inc., P.O. Box 1198, Philadelphia, Pa., editorial offices, 292 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. Printed in U.S.A. Copyright, 1942, by Novelty Press, Inc. Price 10-cents per copy. Subscription price 75c per year in U.S.A. Application for entry as second class matter at Philadelphia, Pa., is pending. No living person is named or delineated in this magazine.



IT'S HARD TO SEE WATERFALLS ON LEVEL RIVERS, SIMBA! WE'LL HAVE TO BE MIGHTY **CAREFUL!**



DICK AND SIMBA GET GOING AGAIN AND CAUTIOUSLY PROCEED ABOUT A HALF MILE, WHEN....



RIGHT PADDLE, WE'VE GOT TO GET TO THE BANK! FAST!

THE BOYS PADDLE DESPERATELY AGAINST THE PULL OF THE THUNDERING WATERFALL.



THE SCREAMS COME NEARER, AND DICK, AT THE RISK OF GOING OVER.... YIELDS!

QUICK, SIMBA! LOOK BACK... WE'VE BEEN IN WORSE SPOTS THAN THIS... AND GOT OUT! I'LL PADDLE!



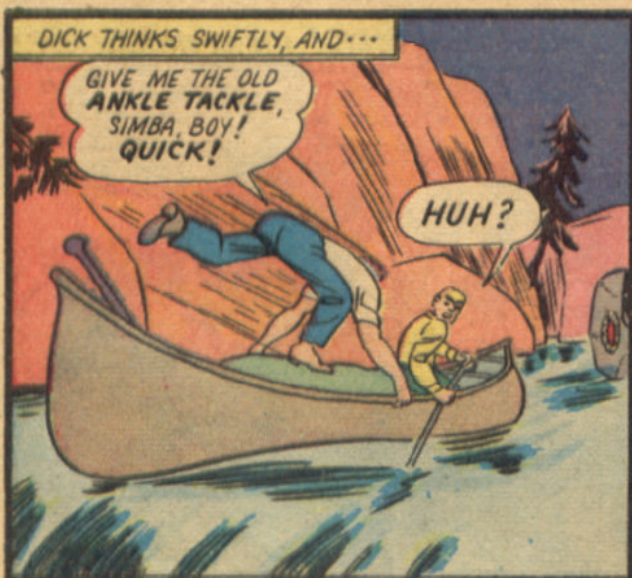
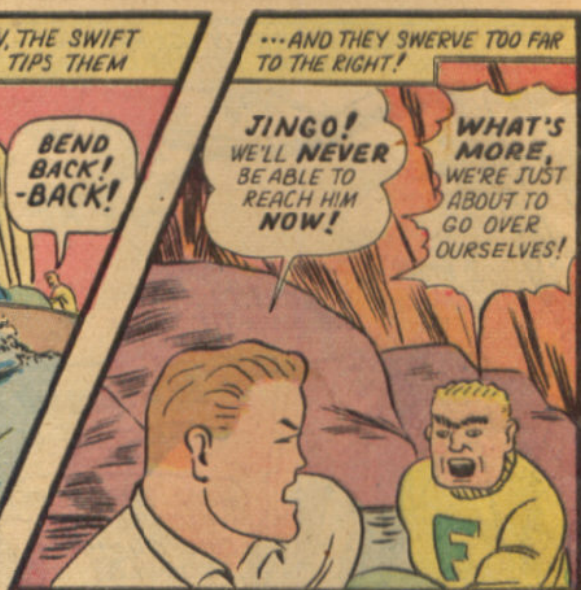
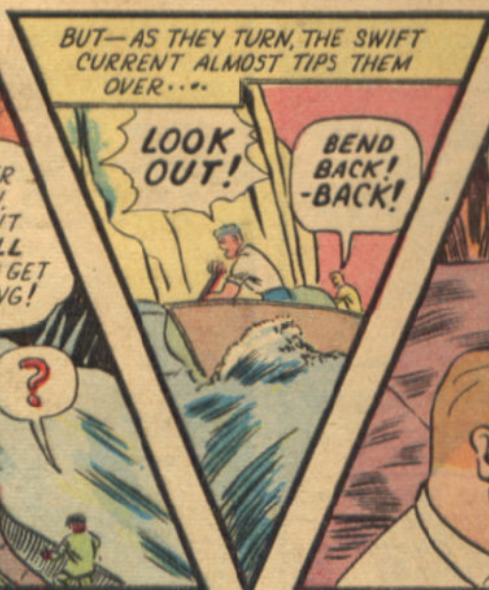
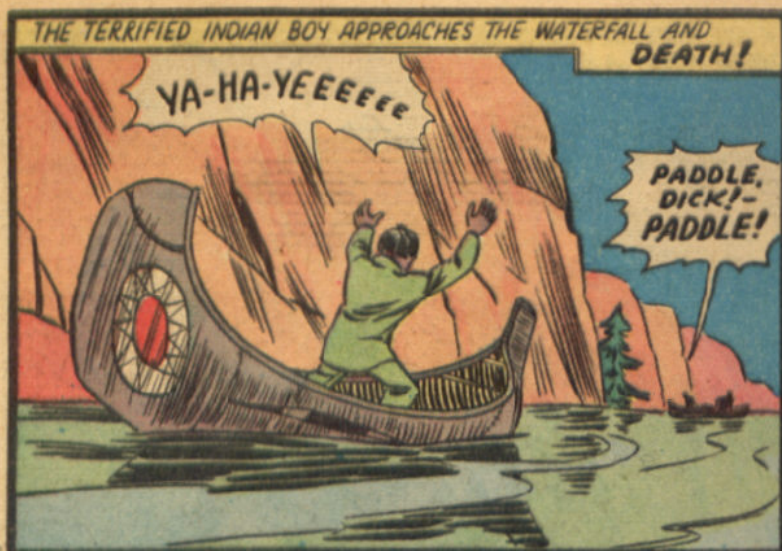
WHAT SIMBA SEES!



HOLY COW, DICK! IT'S AN INDIAN KID! ...AND HE HAS NO PADDLE!

GIMMINY! WE'RE RIGHT ON TOP OF THE FALLS!

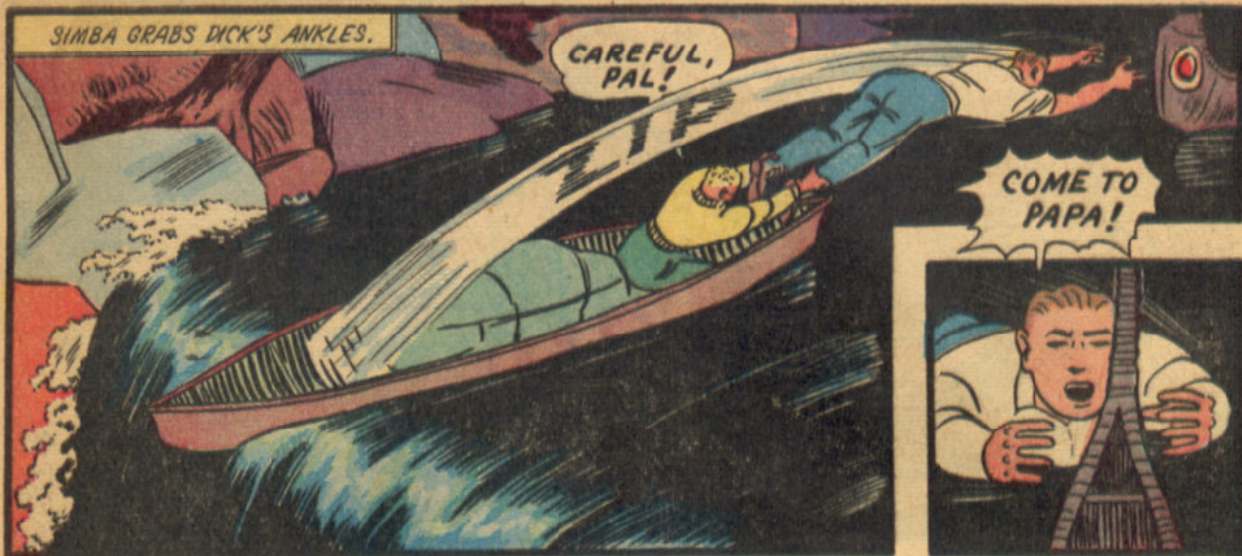




SIMBA GRABS DICK'S ANKLES.

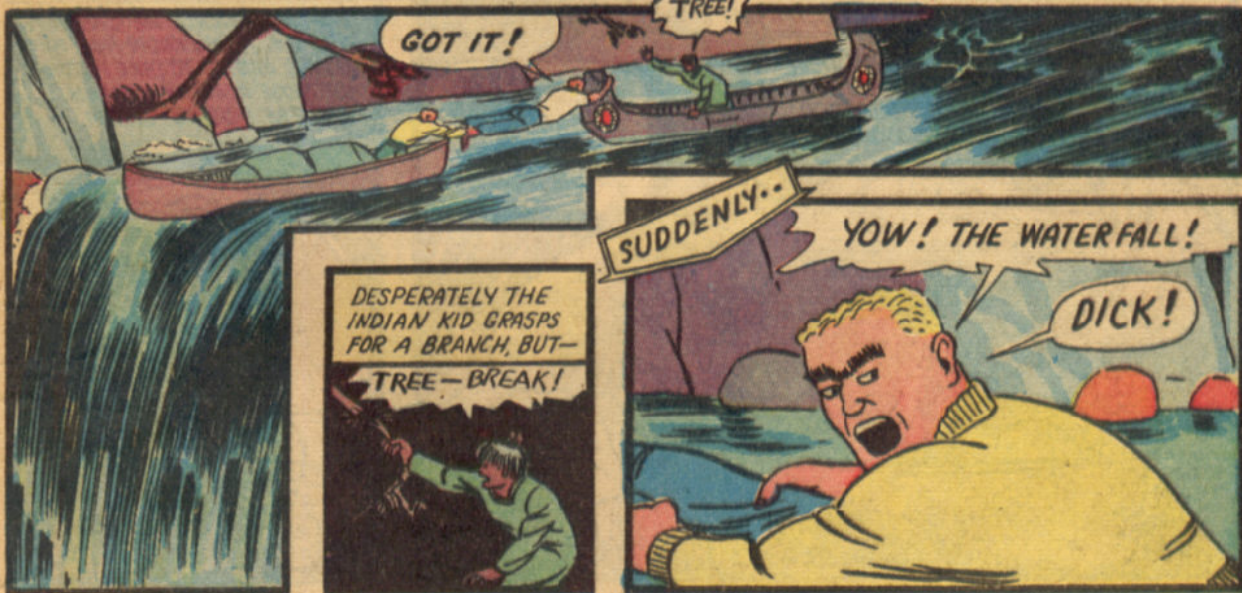
CAREFUL,
PAL!

COME TO
PAPA!



GOT IT!

TREE!

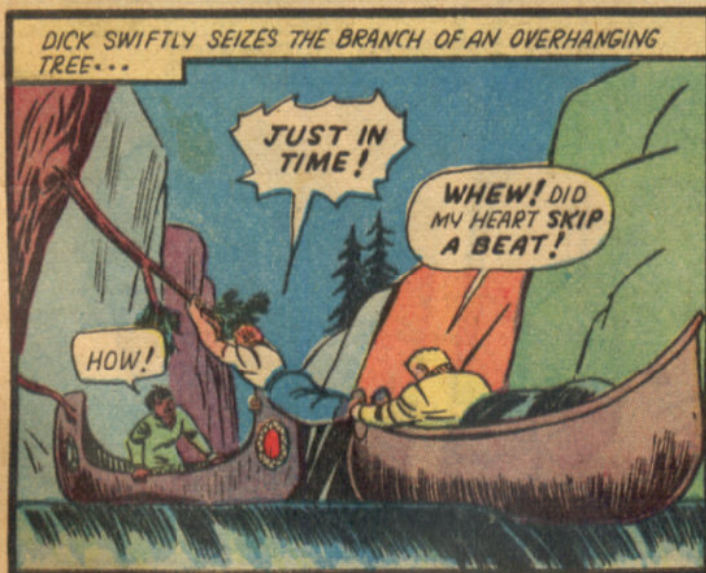


DESPERATELY THE
INDIAN KID GRASPS
FOR A BRANCH, BUT—
TREE—BREAK!

SUDDENLY...

YOW! THE WATER FALL!

DICK!



DICK SWIFTLY SEIZES THE BRANCH OF AN OVERHANGING
TREE...

JUST IN
TIME!

WHEW! DID
MY HEART SKIP
A BEAT!

HOW!

... AND PULLS BOTH CANOES TO SHORE!

GUESS WE'RE
SAFE NOW!

ME HOP
TO ROCK!



THE LITTLE INDIAN BOY JUMPS OUT OF HIS CANOE.



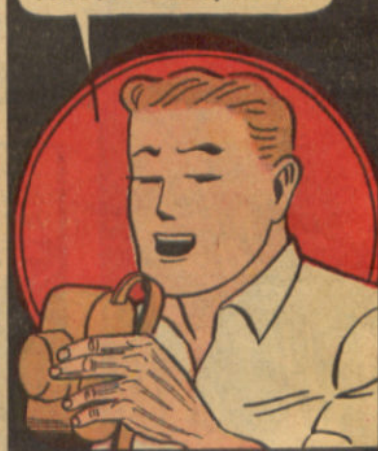
THE BOY POINTS TO THE GASH IN HIS CANOE.



DICK AND SIMBA REMOVE THEIR EQUIPMENT FROM THE CANOE.



I'M SURE GLAD THE CAMERAS ARE O.K.! YOU KNOW HOW WE'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO TAKE PICTURES OF THOSE ALASKAN INDIAN TOTEM POLES, SIMBA.



WHAT'LL WE DO WITH THE INDIAN KID, DICK?

HE DOESN'T SEEM TO SPEAK MUCH ENGLISH.

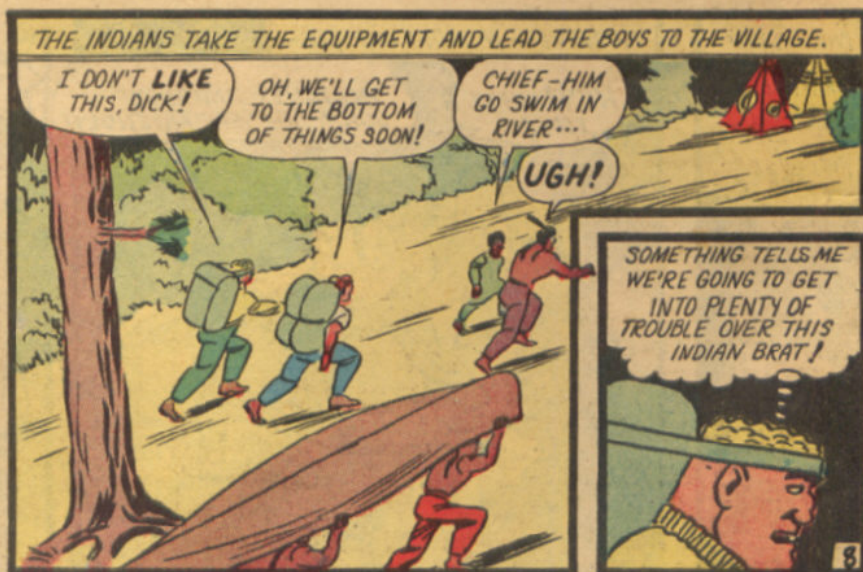
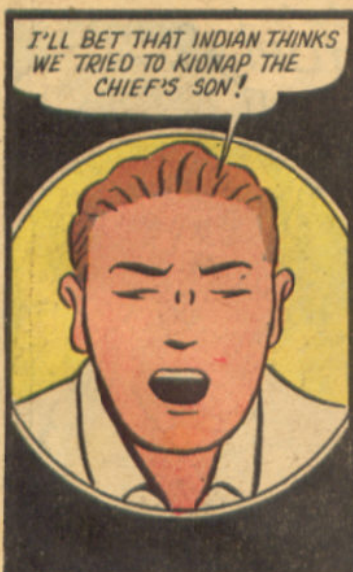


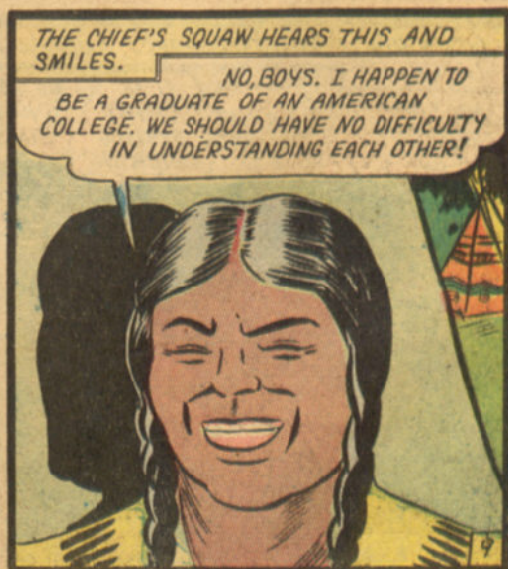
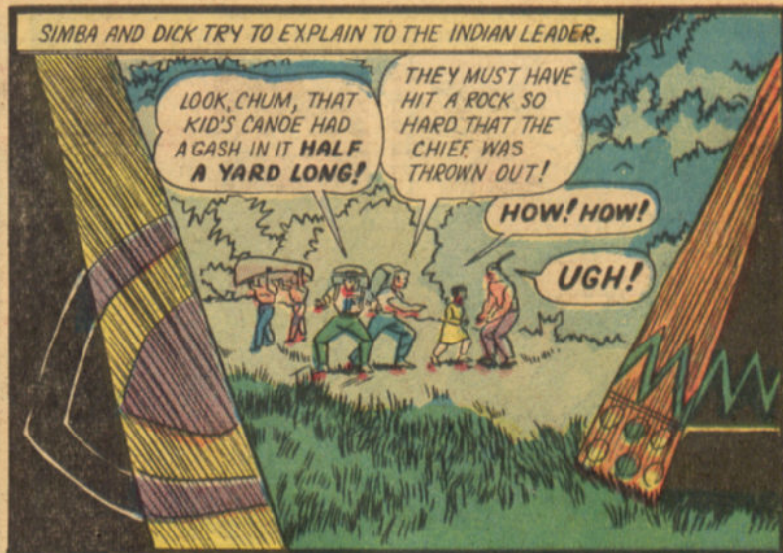
MAKING PLANS TO CONTINUE THEIR TRIP BY LAND, THE BOYS ARE PUZZLED BY THE TALK AND DOINGS OF THE INDIAN LAD ---

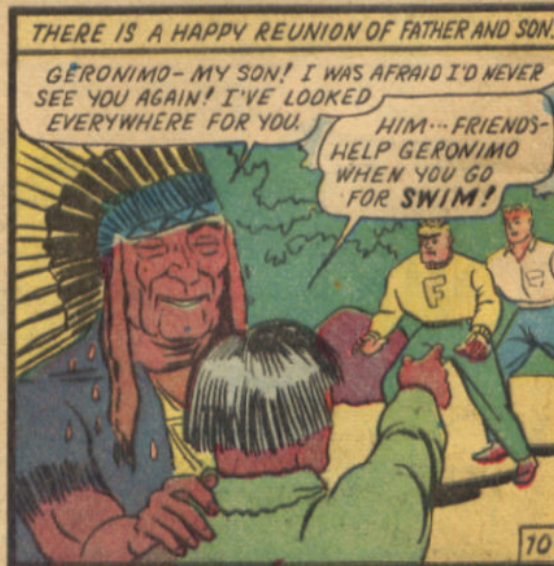
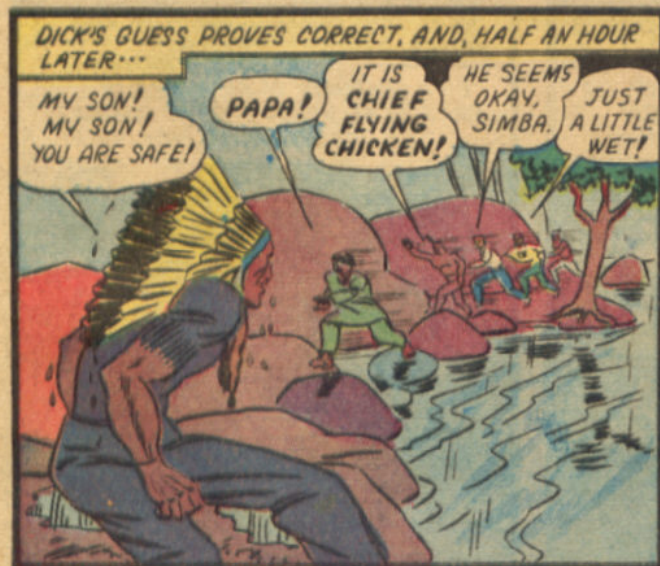
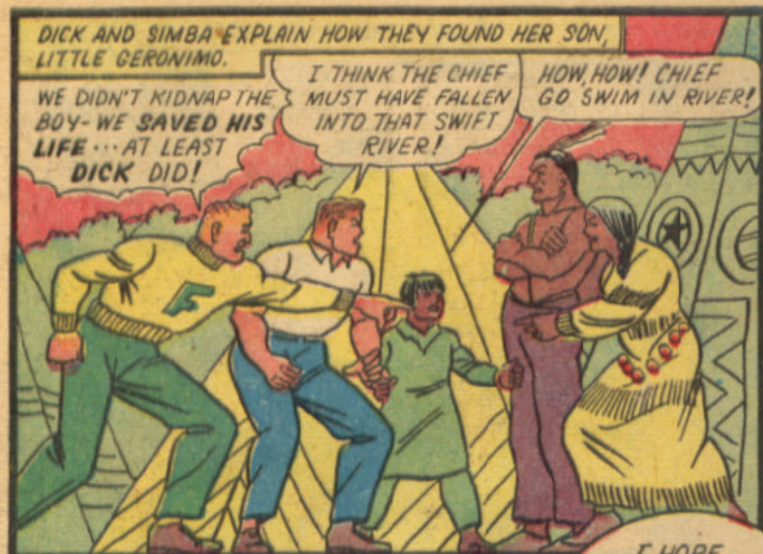
TRIBE HAVE-UM BRAVES—WARRIORS—NEVER CLOSE-UM EYES!











THE HAPPY CHIEF CONGRATULATES DICK AND SIMBA!

YOU SAVED MY BOY'S LIFE!
I SHALL NEVER FORGET IT!

OH, IT WASN'T
ANYTHING, CHIEF!

HOLY
SMOKE!
ANOTHER
"COLLEGE-BRED
INDIAN!"



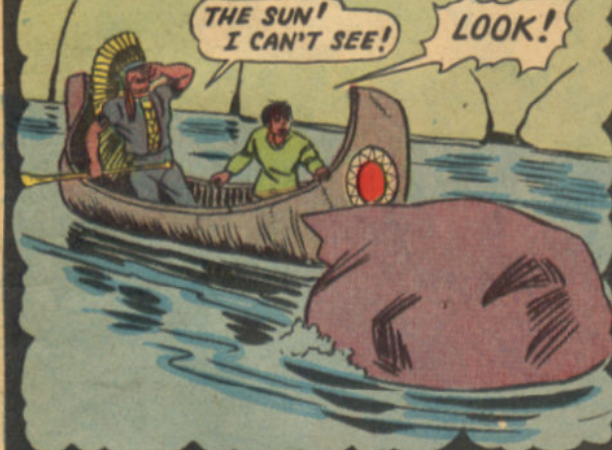
I TOOK GERONIMO OUT IN THE
BIRCH-BARK CANOE. THE CURRENT
WAS SWIFT, BUT WE HAD PADDED
DOWN THE RIVER MANY TIMES
BEFORE.



"SUDDENLY THE POWERFUL RAYS OF
THE MORNING SUN BLINDED ME..."

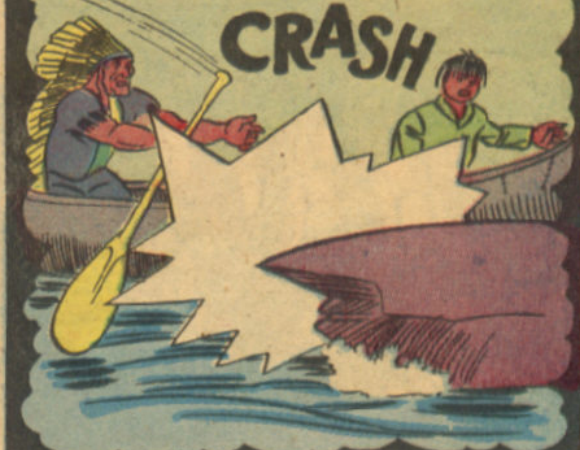
THE SUN!
I CAN'T SEE!

LOOK!



"AND WE HIT A SHARP ROCK..."

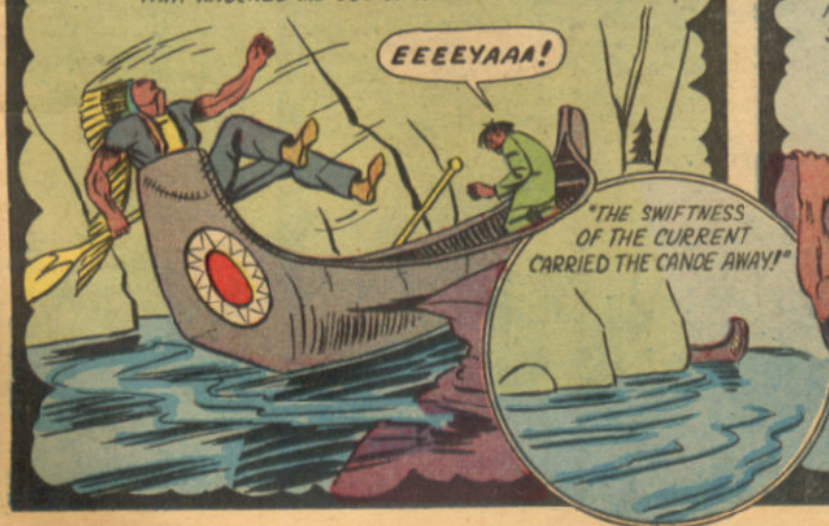
CRASH



"THAT KNOCKED ME OUT OF THE CANOE INTO THE RIVER!"

EEEEYAAA!

"THE SWIFTHNESS
OF THE CURRENT
CARRIED THE CANOE AWAY!"



"I AM A STRONG SWIMMER AND WAS
NOT HURT, BUT... WHEN I REACHED
SHORE, BOTH GERONIMO AND THE
CANOE HAD DISAPPEARED!"

GERONIMO MUST
HAVE BEEN CARRIED
DOWN THE FALLS!
IT IS THE END!



THE CHIEF CONCLUDES HIS STORY!

AND NOW I KNOW HE IS
SAFE, THANKS TO YOU!

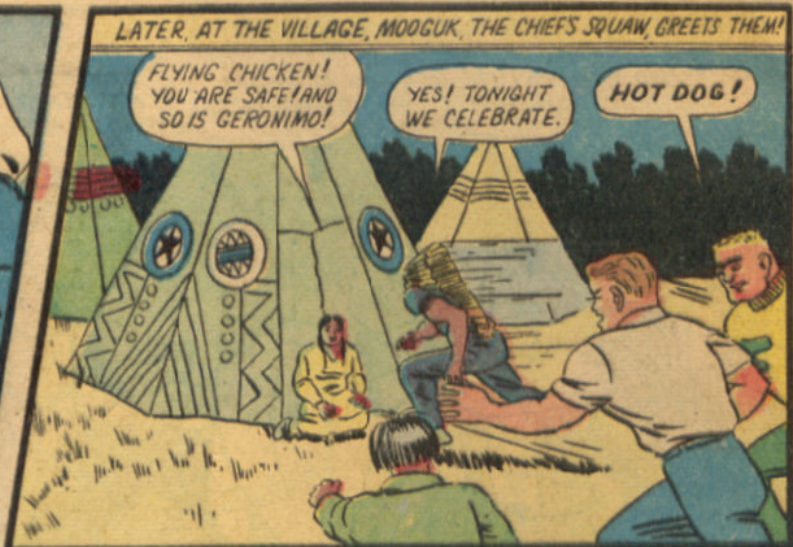


LATER, AT THE VILLAGE, MOOGUK, THE CHIEF'S SQUAW, GREET'S THEM!

FLYING CHICKEN!
YOU ARE SAFE! AND
SO IS GERONIMO!

YES! TONIGHT
WE CELEBRATE.

HOT DOG!



THAT NIGHT THERE IS A BLAZING INDIAN FIRE.

WOW! THIS IS
THE REAL M'COY!

YES, VERY FEW
AMERICAN BOYS
EVER HAVE THIS
CHANCE!

TELL US ABOUT
YOUR TRIBE, CHIEF.
HOW DID THEY
GET SO FAR
NORTH?



WELL, IT ALL STARTED MANY
YEARS AGO WITH MY GREAT
GRANDFATHER, CHIEF MARSHEY-
MARSHEY-NOD, THE WISEST
INDIAN THAT EVER LIVED!

"ONE DAY MARSHEY-MARSHEY-NOD GATHERED
HIS TRIBE TOGETHER...."

WE LEAVE UNITED STATES...GO
NORTH...ALASKA...GETTUM
MUCH GOOD HUNTING
GROUND.



THE BRAVES
HOWLED THEIR
APPROVAL!

HOW-HOW,
OH, CHIEF!

HOW!

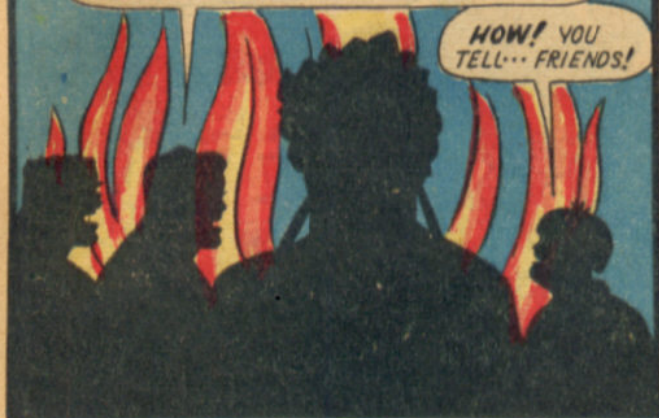
HOW!



THEN THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT GAVE OUR TRIBE THIS FINE LAND! I RULE UNDER INDIAN LAW.

BUT HOW ABOUT THE "TALL MEN" AND "ANIMALS WHO NEVER MOVE NOR CLOSE THEIR EYES"?

HOW! YOU TELL... FRIENDS!



THE CHIEF SMILES.

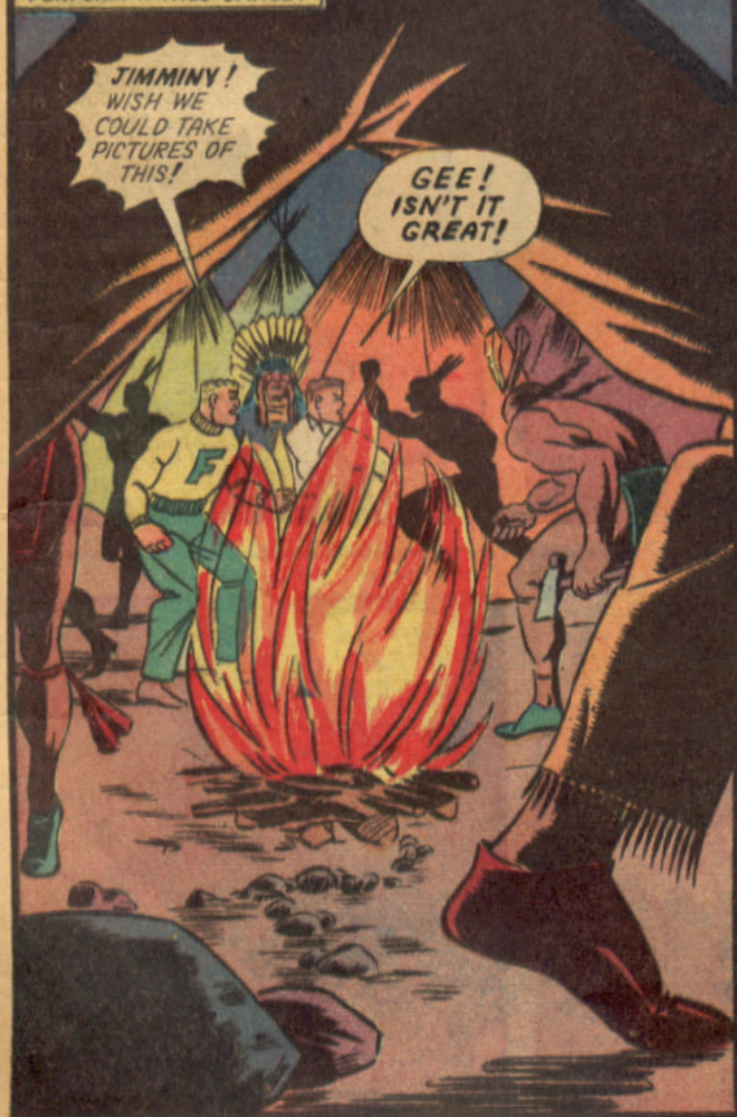
IT'S A-- SURPRISE FOR YOU BOYS. I'LL SHOW YOU TOMORROW! MEANWHILE, LET US CELEBRATE THE COMING OF THE **NEW MOON!**



AT CHIEF FLYING CHICKEN'S SIGNAL, THE INDIANS LEAP FORWARD AND PERFORM A WILD DANCE.

JIMMINY! WISH WE COULD TAKE PICTURES OF THIS!

GEE! ISN'T IT GREAT!



AFTER THE DANCE, THE CHIEF INTRODUCES HIS "MEDICINE MAN"

HE IS MY ASSISTANT IN RULING THE TRIBE!

WOW! IF HE LOOKS LIKE A DOCTOR, THEN I'M A FLYING FISH!



HOW! HOW!



THE MEDICINE-MAN EXPLAINS...

MEDICINE-MAN USE HERBS—GRASS
TREES—FIXUM IF SICK!

HE DIDN'T GO TO ANY
SCHOOL ... BUT HE KEEPS
US IN FINE HEALTH
BY USING OLD-
FASHIONED REMEDIES.

?



I'LL BE HANGED! WHY IN THE
WORLD SHOULD SUCH AN EDUCATED
CHIEF ALLOW THE OTHERS TO GO
WITHOUT SCHOOLING?



SAY, CHIEF- DON'T YOU
HAVE ANY COPS OR JAILS,
IN CASE SOMEONE IN THE
TRIBE SHOULD DO SOMETHING
WRONG?



NO! WE HAVE
NO SUCH
THINGS!

THE OTHER DAY WE HAD OUR FIRST
CRIMINAL IN YEARS! I
PUNISHED HIM SEVERELY!



WAS HE PUT IN JAIL?

NO! HIS FELLOW TRIBES-
MEN CANNOT TALK TO
HIM! THAT PUNISHMENT,
TO AN INDIAN, IS WORSE
THAN JAIL!



THERE HE IS! HE WAS KEEPER
OF THE "TALL MEN AND ANIMALS
WHO NEVER CLOSE THEIR EYES!"



THE CHIEF EXPLAINS!

... AND THEN HE
ACCEPTED GIFTS FROM
FISHERMEN WHOM HE
ALLOWED TO LAND ON
TRIBAL TERRITORY, EH?

THE "CRIMINAL" MUTTERS TO HIMSELF!

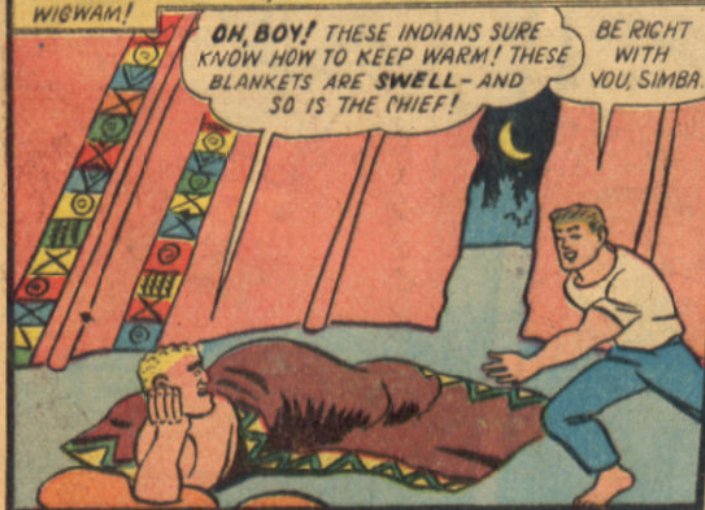
CHIEF-HIM
NO GOOD!



A SHORT TIME LATER, DICK AND SIMBA ARE TAKEN TO A WIGWAM!

ON, BOY! THESE INDIANS SURE KNOW HOW TO KEEP WARM! THESE BLANKETS ARE SWELL- AND SO IS THE CHIEF!

BE RIGHT WITH YOU, SIMBA.



BUT DICK CANNOT FALL ASLEEP!

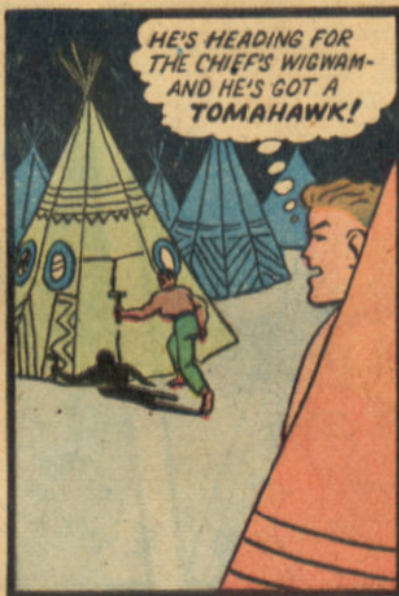
WHAT IN THE WORLD IS THIS BUSINESS OF "THE TALL MEN AND ANIMALS WHO NEVER SLEEP???"



JUST AS DICK IS ABOUT TO DOZE OFF, HE SEES A FORM SILHOUETTED IN THE MOONLIGHT....



HE'S HEADING FOR THE CHIEF'S WIGWAM- AND HE'S GOT A TOMAHAWK!



I'D BETTER SEE WHAT'S UP!

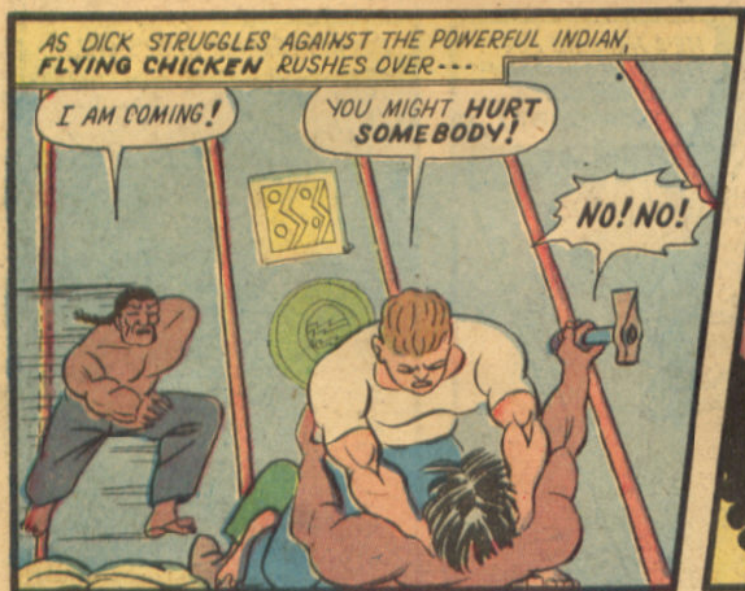


IT'S THE FELLOW WHO WAS PUNISHED FOR ALLOWING FISHERMEN TO LAND ON INDIAN TERRITORY!



GEE! HE'S AFTER THE CHIEF!





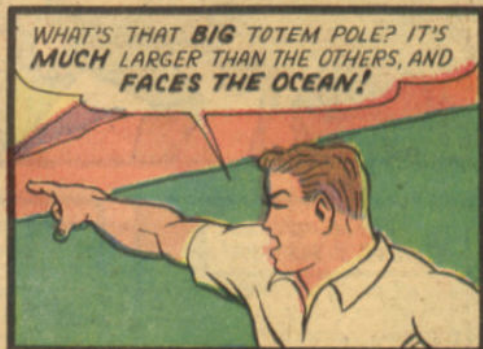
EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, THE CHIEF LEADS DICK AND SIMBA TO THE ANSWER TO THEIR QUESTION, "WHAT MEN AND ANIMALS NEVER MOVE AND NEVER SLEEP?"



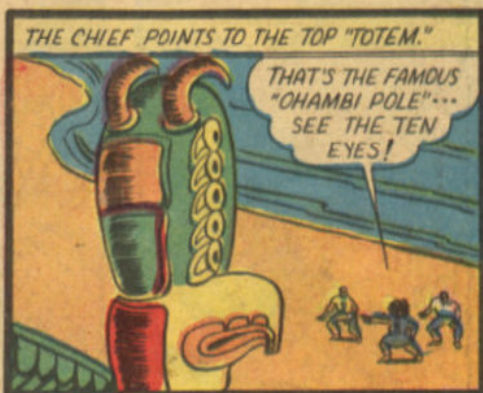
YES—EACH "MAN" OR "ANIMAL" IS A TOTEM OR SYMBOL WITH A SPECIAL MEANING TO US INDIANS!



WHAT'S THAT **BIG** TOTEM POLE? IT'S **MUCH** LARGER THAN THE OTHERS, AND **FACES THE OCEAN!**



THE CHIEF POINTS TO THE TOP "TOTEM."



IT FACES THE OCEAN BECAUSE OF AN OLD TRIBAL CUSTOM. IF ANYONE TRIES TO LAND BY SEA, THE TEN EYES OF CHAMBI WOULD SEE THEIR EVERY MOVE!



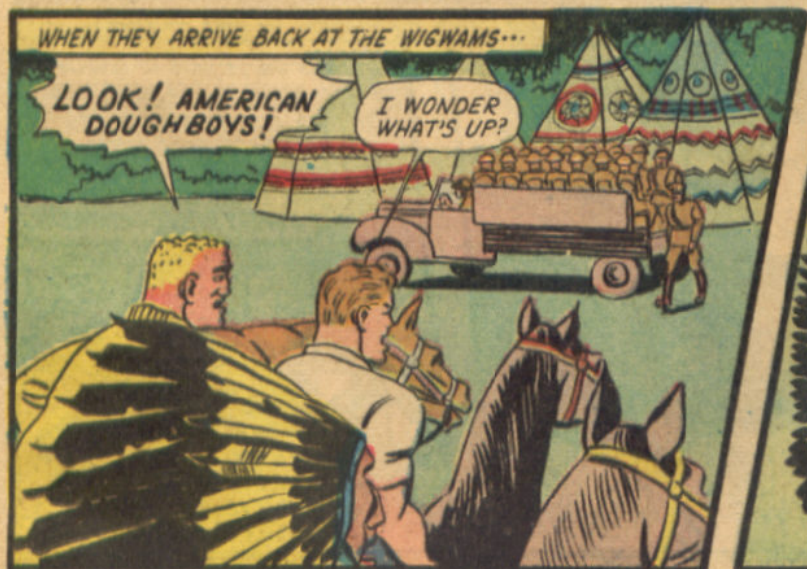
THE FRIENDLY CHIEF GIVES THE BOYS PERMISSION TO TAKE PICTURES.

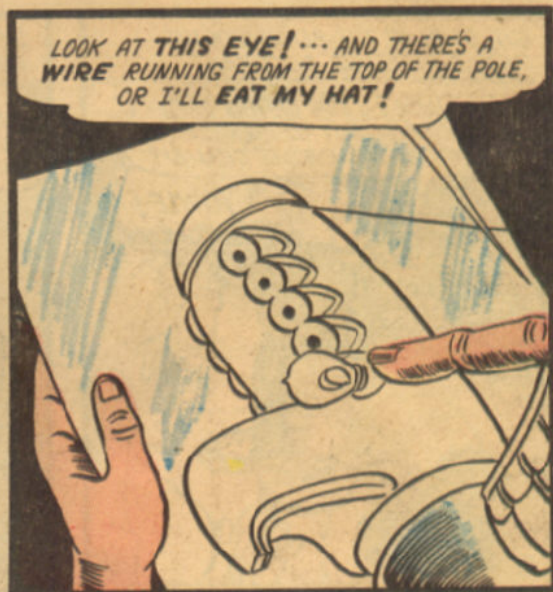
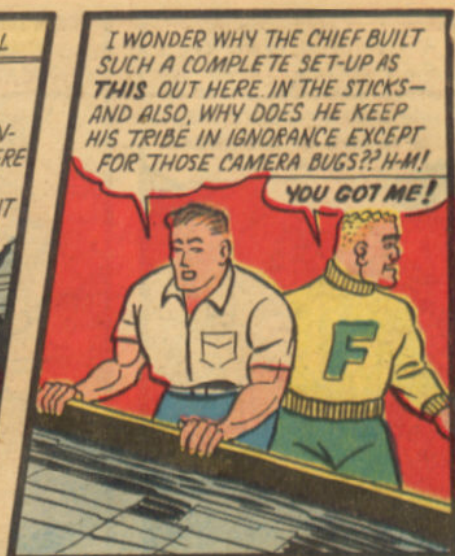


I GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO DEVELOP THESE WHEN WE GET HOME, SIMBA.

HA-HA! NOT AT ALL! WE HAVE A LARGE PHOTOGRAPHIC LABORATORY. SOME OF MY BRAVES ARE **EXPERT PHOTOGRAPHERS.**







YOU WILL HAVE TO REMOVE THE TOTEM POLES IMMEDIATELY. OUR COUNTRY IS AT WAR, AND WE CANNOT TAKE THE CHANCE OF THE ENEMY LANDING HERE!



...IF MY MEN CAN HELP YOU-

NO-NO, THANK YOU! I WILL HAVE MY INDIANS REMOVE THEM SO THEY WILL NOT BE DAMAGED!



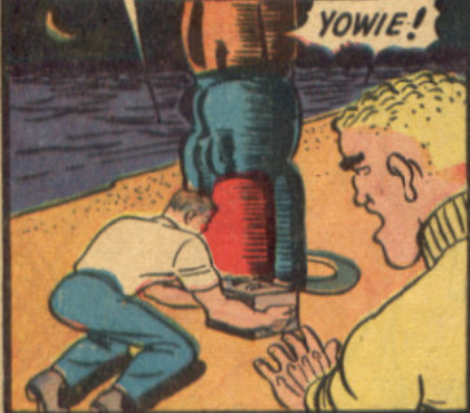
I MUST GET AWAY QUICKLY!



BUT DOWN AT THE BEACH DICK HAS MADE A STARTLING DISCOVERY!

LOOK, SIMBA! I DUG UP THIS BATTERY! A WIRE CONNECTS IT TO THE POLE AND RIGHT UP TO THE EYES OF OHAMBI!

YOWIE!



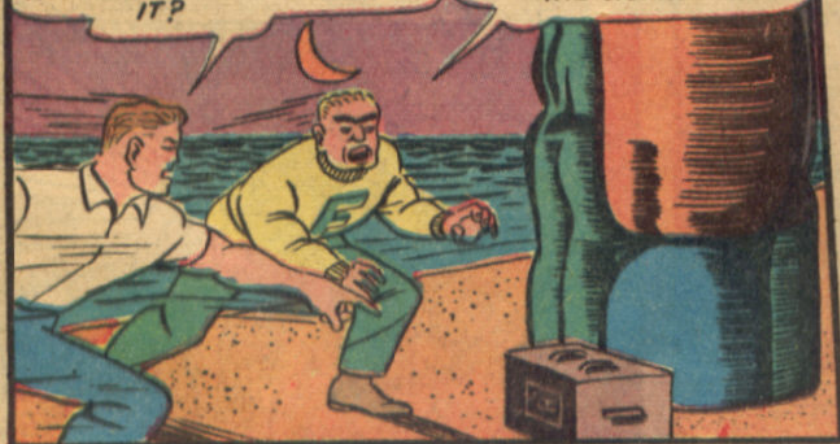
DICK TOUCHES THE BATTERY BUTTON...

LOOK! IT LIGHTS UP ONE OF THE EYES! IF IT'S A SIGNAL, IT MUST BE TO SOME SHIP!



WHEN THAT INDIAN ALLOWED THOSE FISHERMEN TO LAND HERE - DO YOU THINK THEY SET UP THIS BATTERY WITHOUT THE CHIEF KNOWING IT?

YOU-YOU-MEAN THAT SOMEBODY HAD TO BE ON THIS SIDE TO DO THE SIGNALLING?



RIGHT! THIS UNPROTECTED STRIP OF BEACH WOULD BE MIGHTY VALUABLE TO OUR ENEMIES, TO USE AS A STEPPING STONE ON AMERICAN SOIL! NO AMERICAN SHIP NEEDS THIS SIGNAL! THEREFORE, IT MUST BE A SIGNAL FOR THE ENEMY!



SIMBA TAKES THE BATTERY...

IF THERE ARE ANY NAZIS OUT THERE, WE'LL TAKE THEM ON, EH, DICK?

CHECK!

...AND STARTS SIGNALLING IN MORSE CODE!

...NOW FOR SOME FUN!

C-O-M-E O-N!

MEANWHILE... IN A SUBMERGED NAZI TRANSPORT SUBMARINE, A SHORT DISTANCE OFF SHORE...

ACH... SIGNAL VROM DER INDIAN POLE! GOME ON!

SIGNAL! NOW?

THE MESSAGE IS IMMEDIATELY HANDED TO THE SUB COMMANDER...

VAS ISS DIS?

A MESSAGE, MEIN CAPITAN!

Come on in, you Nazis!
I am waiting for you, Simba.

JA! GOOT! VE VILL LAND IMMEDIATELY! ACH! BUT VOT ISS "SIMBA"?

PROBABLY ISS AN INDIAN NAME.

SOUTH BY VEST! GET READY FOR DER LAND-ING. QUICK!

YA!

AS THE TRANSPORT-SUB MOVES SHORE-ward, UNDER COVER OF NIGHT...

MEN, MAKE CAMP HERE FOR THE NIGHT! TOMORROW WE WILL CARRY OUT OUR ORDERS FOR REMOVING THE TOTEM POLES.

YES, SIR!

THE DESPERATE CHIEF RUSHES TOWARD THE BEACH.

I MUST WARN THEM!

THEY'D KILL ME IF THEY KNEW A DETACHMENT OF AMERICAN TROOPS WAS HERE!

MEANWHILE, SIMBA TELLS DICK ABOUT THE MESSAGE HE HAS SENT!

...YOU MEAN THERE **REALLY** MAY BE A NAZI SUB OR SOMETHIN' OUT THERE **WAITING** FOR A SIGNAL FROM THE TOTEM POLE?

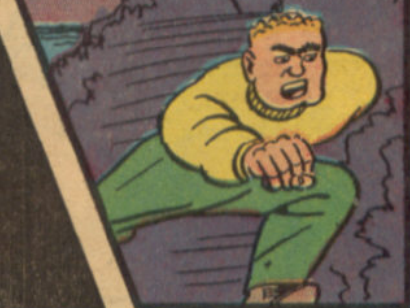
YOU BET, SIMBA! YOU RUN BACK AND GET THE SOLDIERS, **PRONTO!**



SIMBA RUSHES BACK TO THE INDIAN VILLAGE.

IT'S TOO DARK TO USE THE **HORSES**, GEE!- I WONDER IF DICK IS **ALL RIGHT!**

I'LL STAY HERE AND WATCH THE WATERFRONT.



A FEW MINUTES LATER, DICK SEES **FLYING CHICKEN** COME DOWN ON THE BEACH, AND HURRY OVER TO THE "EYES OF OHAMBI" TOTEM POLE.

WHAT! SOMEONE'S BEEN HERE!

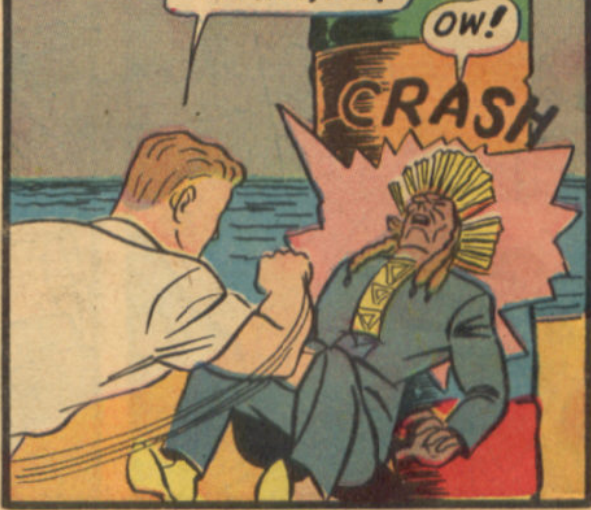
CHIEF FLYING LOUSE - YOU'RE A NAZI SPY!!



THE TOTEM POLE CAN BE USED FOR THIS, TOO!

OW!

CRASH



DICK SUDDENLY SEES A POWERFUL SEARCHLIGHT SHINING OVER THE WATER!

WOW! A SUB! AND THEY'RE GETTING READY TO LAND!



THE CHIEF JUMPS TO HIS FEET AND RUNS TOWARD THE LIGHT!

MY FRIENDS!



TWO MINUTES LATER....

HEIL HITLER! ...CHIEF FLYING TACKLE!

HOW!



DICK STOPS .. AND WATCHES!

THIS IS GOING TO BE GOOD!



THEN...FROM THE SUB, A
NUMBER OF SMALL BOATS
PUT OUT FOR SHORE.



AT SIGHT OF THE SMALL-SCALE
NAZI INVASION OF AMERICAN SOIL,
DICK CAN HOLD OUT NO LONGER!
HE DASHES MADLY AT THE
COMMANDER!



DICK SMASHES THE SUBMARINE-
COMMANDER FULL IN THE FACE!



THE NAZI LEVELS HIS GUN, BUT....



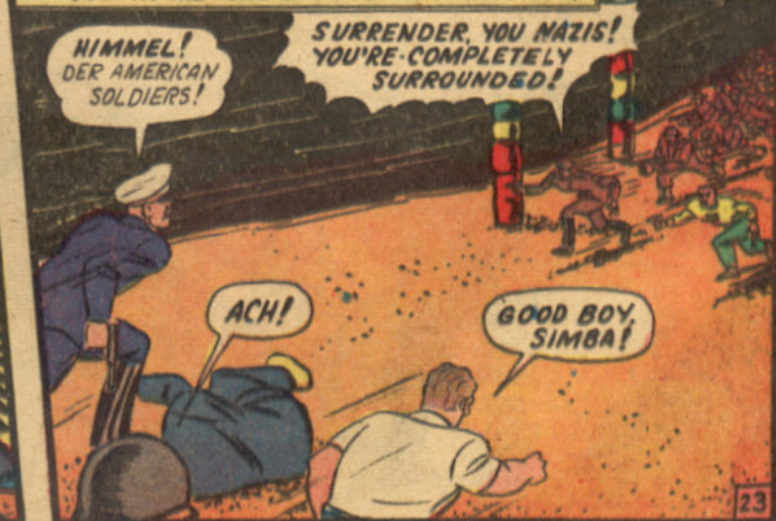
VOT? AMERICAN SOLDIERS?



THE NAZI KILLS CHIEF FLYING
CHICKEN...



... JUST AS THE VOICE OF MAJOR KENT RINGS OUT!



THE AMERICANS QUICKLY CAPTURE
THE SURPRIZED NAZIS

BOY! WHAT A SWELL DAY
FOR UNCLE SAM!

I'M RIGHT
WITH YOU,
PAL!

GIT GOING
THERE, YOU
NAZI SNAKE-
BEFORE I RUN
YOU THROUGH!

SUDDENLY, THERE IS A DEAFENING
EXPLOSION FROM THE WATER!

BOOM

WOW! WHAT'S
THAT, MAJOR?

THAT'S GOOD-BYE
TO THE NAZI SUB! AS
SOON AS SIMBA TOLD ME
ABOUT THE SIGNAL IN THE
TOTEM POLE, I NOTIFIED
OUR PATROL SHIPS BY RADIO!

GOOD
WORK!

THE NEXT MORNING, AT THE INDIAN VILLAGE-
MOOGUK, THE CHIEF SQUAW, MOURNS THE
DEATH OF HER HUSBAND!

THE NAZIS PROMISED FLYING CHICKEN ALL
OF ALASKA IF HE WOULD HELP THEM! HE
WANTED LITTLE GERONIMO TO BE THE MOST
POWERFUL INDIAN IN THE WORLD!

NO MORE
PAPA (SOB)!

GOSH!
TOO BAD HE
DIDN'T LOVE
FREEDOM
MORE!

THE INDIAN WHO WAS PUNISHED
EXPLAINS WHY HE TRIED TO
KILL THE CHIEF!

CHIEF LET BAD MEN FROM
DISTANT SHORES COME
ONLAND. CHIEF NO
TELL TRUTH!

A FEW DAYS LATER, AN ARMY TRANSPORT DEPOSITS DICK AND SIMBA
IN THE UNITED STATES!

GEE WHIZ! NOW THE
MEDICINE MAN IS IN CHARGE OF THE
TRIBE UNTIL GERONIMO GROWS OLD
ENOUGH TO TAKE OVER! I CAN'T
WAIT 'TIL I TELL THE GANG
AT FARR, EH, DICK?

COURSE NOT! VACATION'S
OVER-BUT WAIT 'TIL THEY
SEE WHAT WE BROUGHT
BACK AS A SOUVENIR!

WELL, THAT'S ALL
FOR NOW

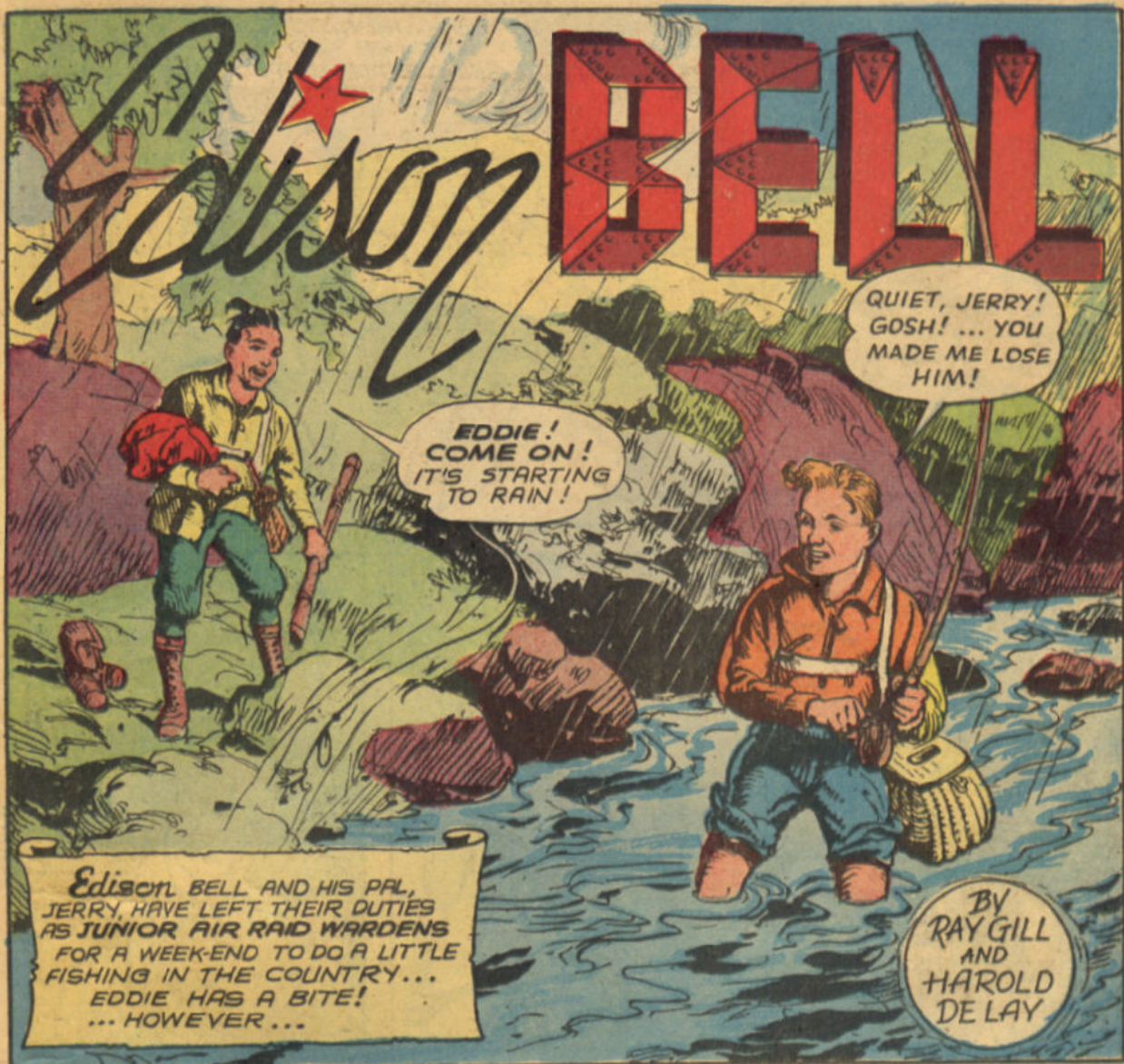
BUT

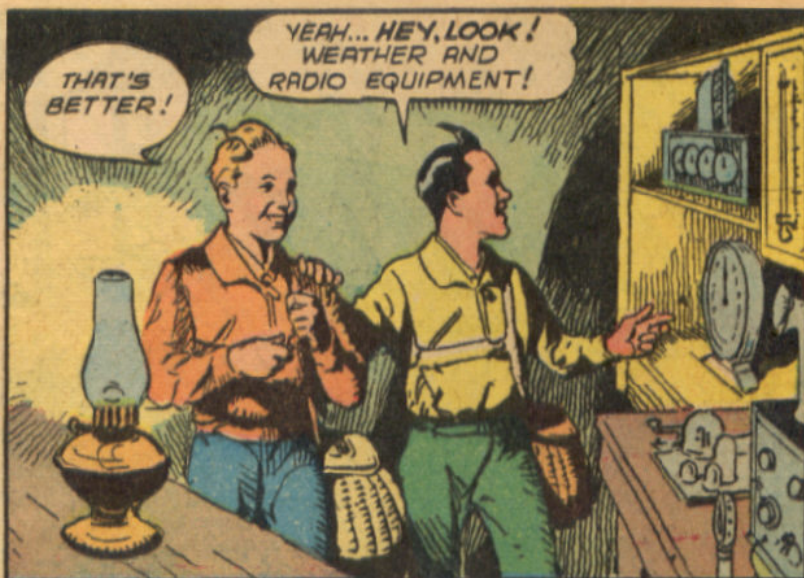
DICK COLE
AND
SIMBA

WILL BE BACK WITH
ANOTHER INTERESTING
ADVENTURE IN THE

NEXT

4 MOST COMICS





YOU CAN MAKE THIS SWELL
THERMOMETER

All you need is
a small glass jar
with a screw top,
some sealing wax,
a glass tube with
one end closed,
and a solution of
water and ink!
Let's get started!

CLOSED TOP →

GRADUATED GLASS TUBE

HOLE IN
TOP FOR
TUBE

SEALING
WAX

METAL
SCREW
TOP

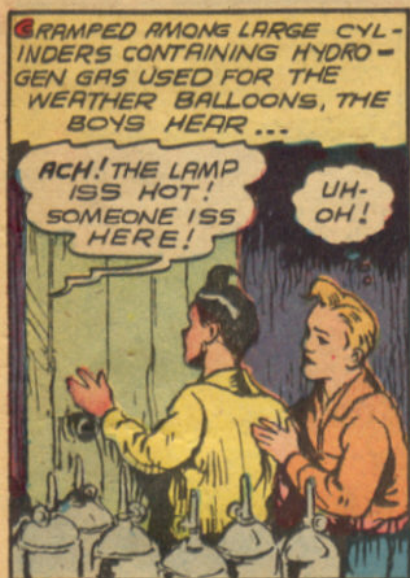
SEALING
WAX

FRUIT OR
JELLY JAR.

WATER
COLORED
WITH A
FEW DROPS
OF INK.

CHECK WITH
COMMERCIAL
THERMOMETER!

FIRST, ASSEMBLE YOUR
MATERIALS... THEN, AFTER YOU'VE
PUT THE SOLUTION INTO THE
JAR, HALF FILL THE TUBE. HOLD
YOUR FINGER OVER THE OPEN
END AND PLACE IT INTO THE
JAR. THE SOLUTION WILL NOT
RUN OUT. NOW QUICKLY SEAL
THE TOP TO THE JAR AND SEAL
UP THE HOLE FOR THE TUBE,
MAKING IT STATIONARY!



THE BOYS ARE SURPRISED AT THE MAN'S STATEMENT... SUDDENLY JERRY BLURTS OUT...

HOW ABOUT THAT NOTE IN GERMAN AND THE SHORT WAVE RADIO EQUIPMENT? YOU'RE LYING!



SMART BOY, EH? WELL, I'LL SHOW YOU SOMETHING TO BE SMART ABOUT!

OWW!



YOU UNDERSTAND, OR SHOULD, THAT YOU'LL NEVER HAVE THE CHANCE TO PASS ON WHAT YOU ARE ABOUT TO SEE!

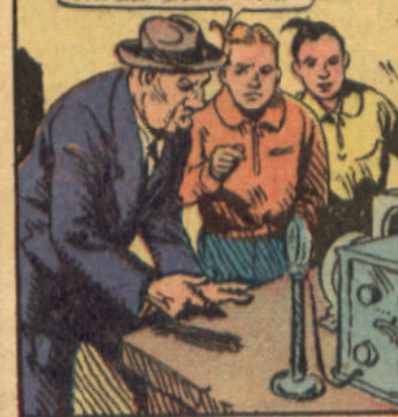
COME!



AS YOU SEE, WE HAVE ALL THE LATEST EQUIPMENT FOR WEATHER FORECASTING AND A VERY POWERFUL SHORT WAVE RADIO TO PASS ON OUR FINDINGS!



AT THIS MOMENT, OUR AIR-CRAFT CARRIERS ARE WAITING NEAR YOUR SHORES FOR A FAVORABLE FORECAST! WHEN THIS STORM IS OVER, WE'LL SEND IT...



"... AND YOUR PEOPLE WILL TASTE THE HORRORS OF WAR FIRST HAND!"

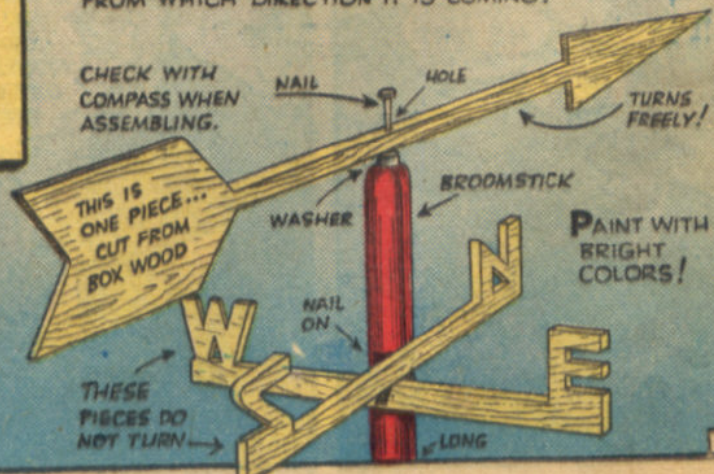


... EVER MAKE A
**WEATHER
VANE?**
... Here's HOW!

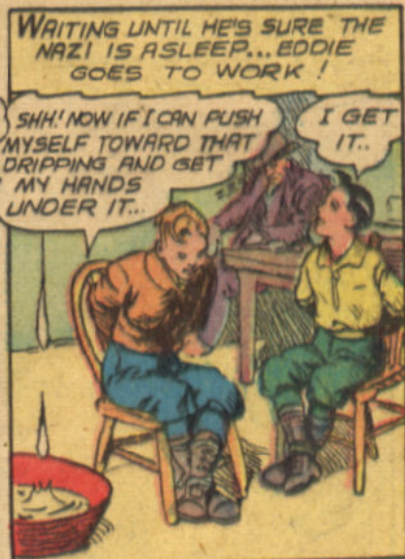
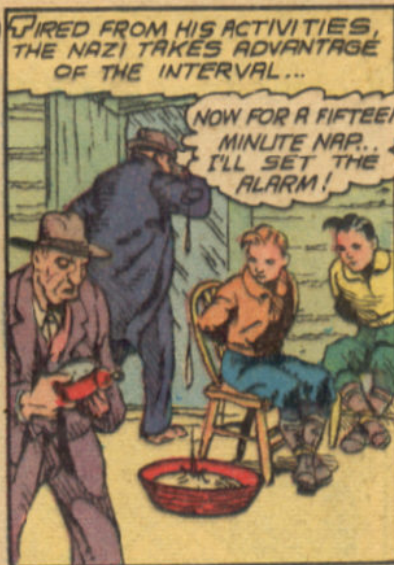
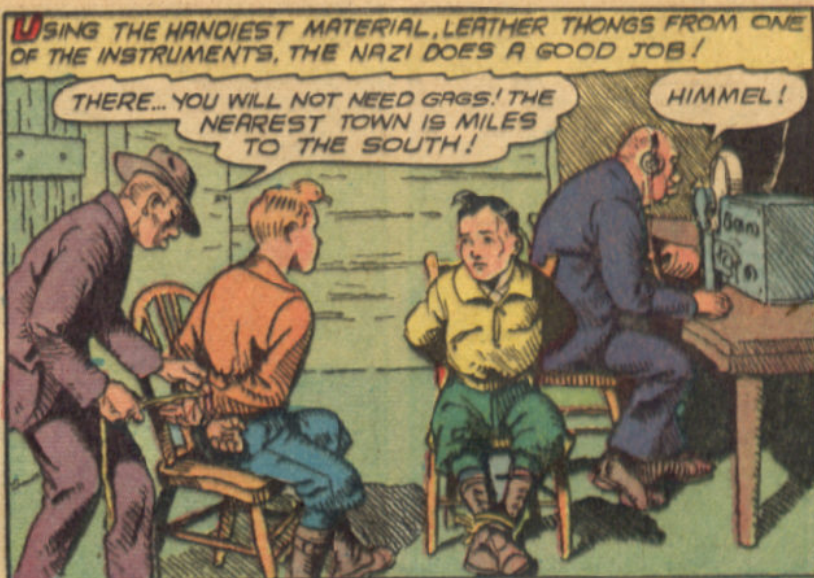
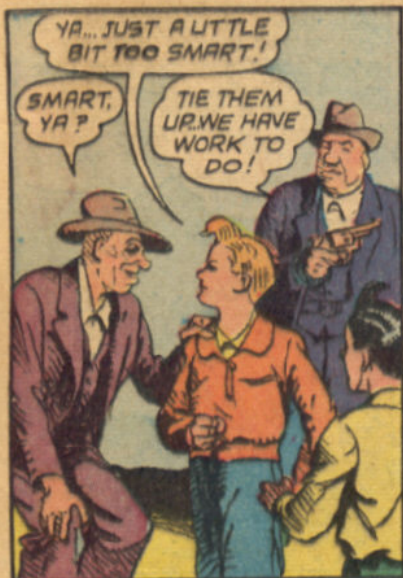
A BROOMSTICK, A NAIL, A WASHER, AND A FEW PIECES OF BOX WOOD ARE ALL YOU NEED TO MAKE THIS SWELL WIND DIRECTION FINDER! USE A JIG-SAW TO CUT OUT PIECES...

THE LARGE SURFACE OF THE ARROW'S TAIL-PIECE SWINGS THE POINT INTO THE WIND ... AND SHOWS FROM WHICH DIRECTION IT IS COMING!

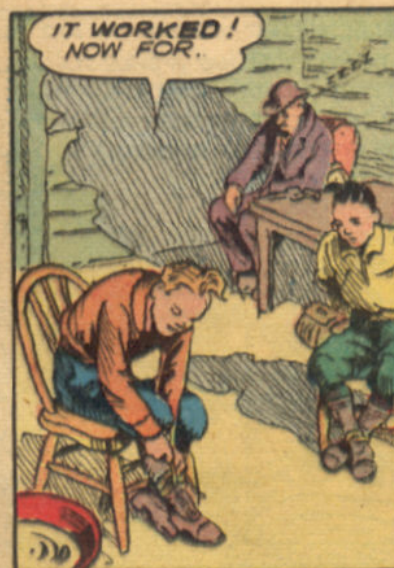
CHECK WITH COMPASS WHEN ASSEMBLING.



PAINT WITH BRIGHT COLORS!



ONCE UNDER IT, THE WATER HITS THE LEATHER THONGS, AND EDDIE FORCES HIS WRISTS APART, STRETCHING FOR ALL HE'S WORTH...! (LEATHER EXPANDS WHEN WET!)





make this Barometer

It's Easy!... It's FUN!

HERE IT IS... ALL SET UP!
NOTE THE SIMPLE CONSTRUCTION!

A BAROMETER WORKS ON AIR PRESSURE... BY TIGHTLY SEALING A SHOE-POLISH CAN WITH A PIECE OF TINFOIL STRETCHED TIGHT OVER THE TOP (CUT OUT FORMER TOP WITH CAN OPENER AND FILE EDGES SMOOTH) YOU HAVE A SIMPLE BAROMETER!

TO AMPLIFY THE VARIATIONS, SEE ARRANGEMENT AT RIGHT

FELT WEDGES
SHOE-POLISH CAN
WOOD

TINFOIL
CAN BOTTOM
SEALING WAX
CAN TOP
PIVOT PIN
CENTER CUT OUT

INDICATOR AND OTHER PIECES BELOW ARE CUT FROM A TIN CAN.
PIN SET IN WAX IN BACK AND THROUGH HOLE IN LONG STRIP, WHEN STRIP MOVES SLIGHTLY, INDICATOR POINT MOVES.

NOTE: LOW AIR PRESSURE (DIAPHRAGM COMES OUT) = STORM!
-- HIGH AIR PRESSURE (DIAPHRAGM GOES IN) = FAIR WEATHER!

6

EDDIE WETS THE THONG, THEN FASTENS IT TO THE BAROMETER INDICATOR!

WHEN THE THONG SHRINKS IT'LL PULL THE DIAL HAND DOWN!

AND THEY'LL THINK A TORNADO IS UP!

THEN... A WET SPONGE GOES IN THE HUMIDITY REGISTER.

WITH THIS IN THERE, THEY'LL REALLY THINK A BIG BLOW IS COMING!

EDDIE OPENS THE WIND VELOCITY GEAR BOX, AND...

I'LL SHIFT THESE GEARS INTO HIGH SPEED AND THE DIAL WILL REGISTER A HIGH WIND BLOWING! NOW HAND ME THAT CANDLE!

LIGHTING THE CANDLE, ED GOES TO THE TOMMY GUNS IN THE RACK.

JUST LET 'EM TRY TO SHOOT THESE WITH THIS WAY IN THE BARRELS!

IT'LL BLOW UP IN THEIR FACES!

ANYONE WHO FINDS THESE NOTES WILL NOTIFY THE F.B.I! THOSE BOYS WILL CLEAN THIS PLACE UP IN A JIFFY!

THE LADS USE THE WEATHER BALLOONS.

IT'S A SOUTH WIND, EDDIE!

SWELL! THAT'S THE DIRECTION THE TOWN IS IN! KEEP YOUR FINGERS CROSSED!

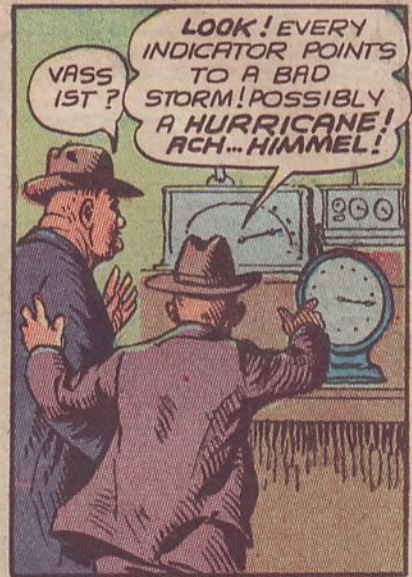
THERE THEY GO! I HOPE SOMEONE FINDS THEM!

IF THEY DON'T, WE'RE SUNK! NOW, WE'D BETTER SCRAM!

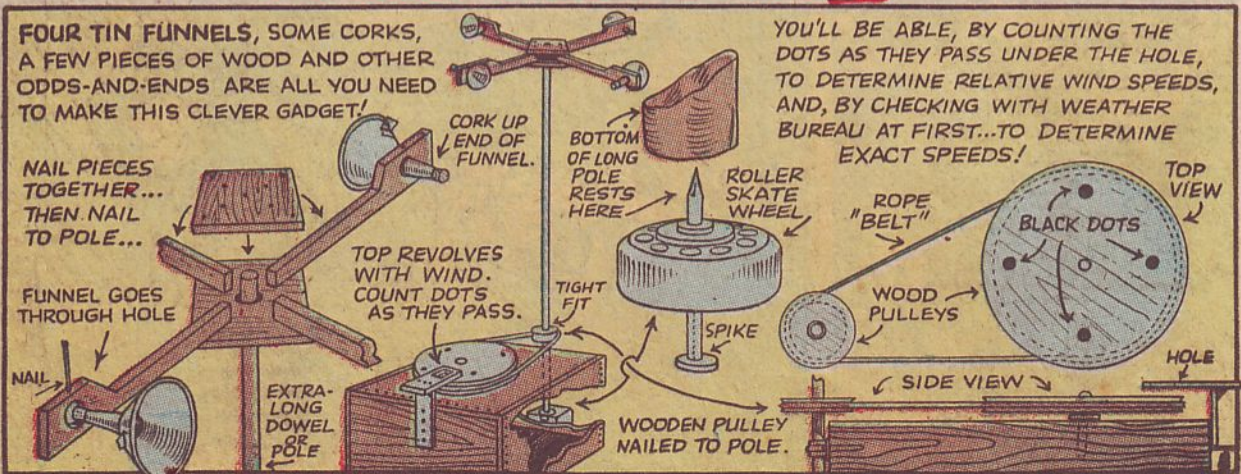
BUT... AS THEY COME OUT!

LOOK OUT, JERRY!

HOW DID YOU GET LOOSE?



Edison BELL'S *Wind Velocity* Machine



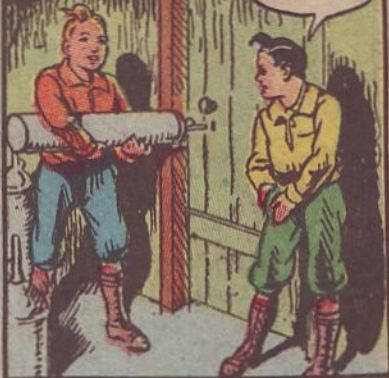
NEWS OF IMPENDING BAD WEATHER IS RADIOED TO THE WAITING AXIS SHIPS, AND THE INVASION ATTEMPT IS OFF... FOR THE PRESENT!



MEANWHILE, THE BOYS ARE NOT IDLE...

HERE, I HAVE THE TANK NOW... GIVE ME A MATCH!

I HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING!



HE APPLIES THE MATCH, AND...

THERE SHE BLOWS!

WOW!



A SECOND LATER, JERRY KICK'S OPEN THE DOOR!

DONNERVETTER!

BANG!



NOW DROP THOSE GUNS OR I'LL BURN THE HANDS THAT HOLD THEM!

ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS TURN IT ON FULL AND WE'LL ALL GO UP! DROP THEM!



THE NAZIS OBEY AT ONCE!

GET ON THAT RADIO AND CONTACT THE F.B.I.!

YOU YOUNG FOOLS!



YOU ARE WASTING YOUR TIME... THAT RADIO CONTACTS ONLY OUR SHIPS! IN A FEW MOMENTS THE GAS WILL BE USED UP, THEN YOU'LL REGRET IT!



THE NAZI IS RIGHT... THE GAS BURNS OUT, HOWEVER...

COME AWAY FROM THERE!

SOMEONE'S COMING!

CATCH IT! HEY!





make this simple Humidity Indicator!

BLUE = CLEAR
PINK = RAIN

SIMPLY DIP A CLEAN WHITE BLOTTER INTO A SOLUTION OF COBALT CHLORIDE (FOUR PARTS OF WATER TO ONE PART OF COBALT CHLORIDE CRYSTALS) AND LET THE BLOTTER DRY.

METAL BRACKET

SCREW EYES

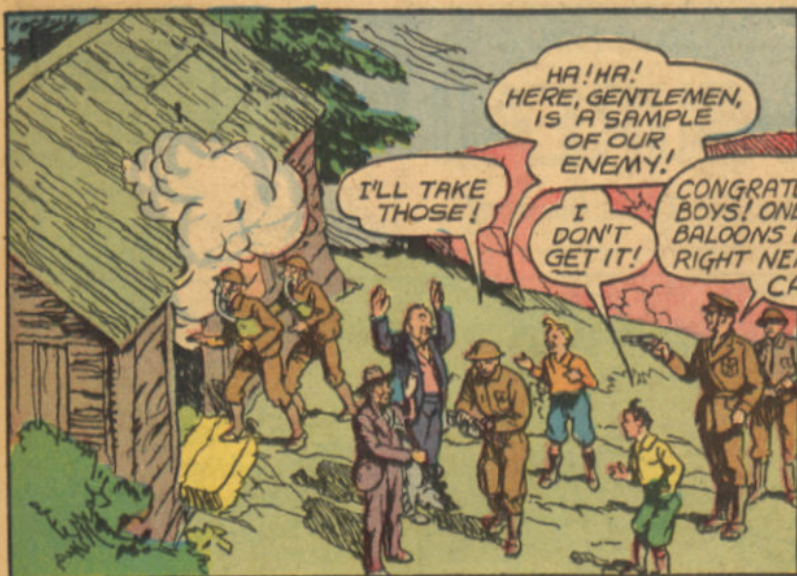
PAINT WITH BRIGHT COLORS!

TACK BLOTTER TO SIDE OF RACK AS SHOWN

HANG THE SIMPLY CONSTRUCTED WOODEN RACK JUST OUTSIDE YOUR WINDOW.

WHEN THE COBALT CHLORIDE-SOAKED BLOTTER TURNS PINK, IT INDICATES THAT YOU'RE DUE FOR SOME RAIN! AND WHEN IT TURNS BLUE, YOU CAN EXPECT A DRY SPELL.

VARYING COLORS = VARYING CLIMATE!



HA! HA!
HERE, GENTLEMEN,
IS A SAMPLE
OF OUR
ENEMY!

I'LL TAKE
THOSE!

I
DON'T
GET IT!

CONGRATULATIONS,
BOYS! ONE OF YOUR
BALLOONS DROPPED
RIGHT NEAR OUR
CAMP!



SARY... EXPLAIN A FEW
THINGS TO ME!
HOW DID THOSE
BALLOONS COME DOWN?
I THOUGHT THEY
WERE TO BE
UP FOR
DAYS!?



SIMPLE!
I KNEW THE
GAS WAS
STRONG...
SO I FIXED
THE BALLOONS
TO LEAK
SLOWLY!

I SEE!
BUT WHAT
ABOUT
THEIR
GUNS?



REMEMBER?
I POURED
CANDLE WAX
INTO THEM?
THEY BLEW
UP WHEN
THEY WERE
FIRED!

WELL,
I'LL
BE!

SMART
WORK,
LAD!

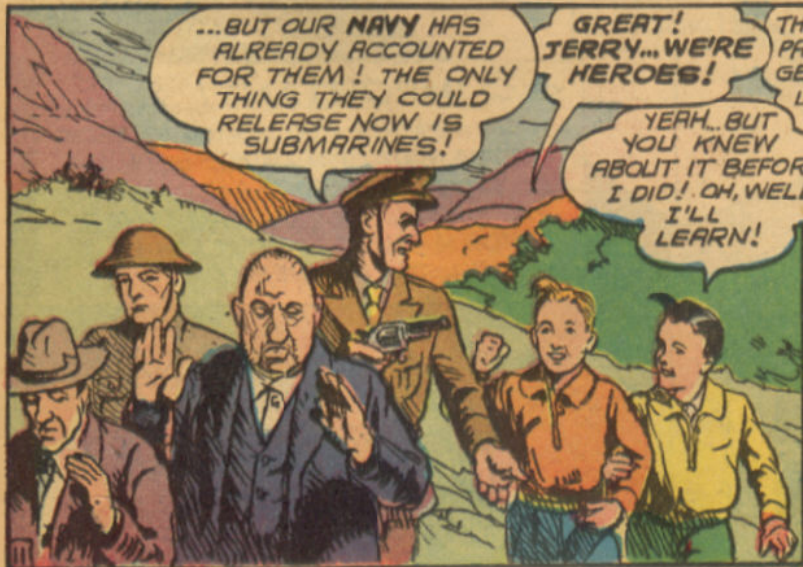
SWINE!



SUDDENLY, EDDIE REMEMBERS

HEY!
THE NAZI
AIRCRAFT
CARRIERS!
WHAT
ABOUT
THEM?

WELL...
I'M SORRY
TO SAY
SO...



...BUT OUR NAVY HAS
ALREADY ACCOUNTED
FOR THEM! THE ONLY
THING THEY COULD
RELEASE NOW IS
SUBMARINES!

GREAT!
JERRY... WE'RE
HEROES!

YEAH... BUT
YOU KNEW
ABOUT IT BEFORE
I DID! OH, WELL,
I'LL
LEARN!

THAT'S ALL FOR NOW,
PAL... BUT DON'T FOR-
GET TO GET A GOOD
LOOK AT OUR
WEATHER
STATION!

RIGHT! YOU CAN
HAVE A LOT OF
FUN WITH IT...
WEATHER YOU
THINK SO NOW
OR NOT...
LET'S GO!



EDDIE AND JERRY
WILL BE BACK AGAIN
IN THE NEXT 4 MOST
WITH ANOTHER SUPER STORY
...WITH GADGETS TO MATCH!

Here's EDDIE BELL'S Amateur WEATHER BUREAU

... Built in his workshop atop his Dad's Garage!

THE
WEATHER
VANE

(SEE PAGE FOUR
OF THIS FEATURE)

By Ray Gill

THE
WIND SPEED
INDICATOR

NOTE THAT THE
REVOLVING POLE
EXTENDS THROUGH
ROOF TO BOX
IN ROOM.

TRAP DOOR FOR
RELEASING WEATHER
BALLOONS OR FOR
CHECKING ON ROOF.

LADDER
TO PEAK
OF ROOF

YESSIR, GANG! HERE'S
EDDIE'S WORKSHOP...
BUT HE'S GOT IT ALL
DRESSED UP NOW AS A
WEATHER BUREAU! THIS
IS WHERE MOST OF EDDIE'S
GADGETS ARE MADE!

EDISON BELL'S
WEATHER BUREAU

CHARTS

SIMPLE
BAROMETER

THERMOMETER

HUMIDITY
INDICATOR

★★★ IMPORTANT! ★★★

THESE WEATHER-FORECASTING GADGETS
ARE FOR YOUR OWN AMUSEMENT!
DO NOT, UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES,
PRINT, PHONE, OR RADIO WEATHER
INFORMATION... FOR IT CAN BE
HELPFUL TO THE ENEMY!

WOODSMAN'S TEST

By MICKEY SPILLANE

WITH EXHAUSTS spitting blue flame and oily smoke, the Curtiss P40 and the Messerschmidt 110 ripped through the blue sky over the Pacific. They circled warily, each waiting for the moment when the other should make a fatal mistake. Both were peppered with bullet holes. Shreds of fabric trailed in the slipstream, testifying to the marksmanship of the other.

In the P40, Nick Bonner glued his eye to the cross-hairs of the sights, caught the "schmitt" as it blasted across in front of him, and touched the trigger button. A hissing hail of lead ripped into the tail section of the German ship. For a moment it skidded wildly, sliding sideways across the sky. Nick looped in under it, pulled back on the stick until the P40 pointed at the belly of the Nazi plane.

But he never got the chance to blast. His last burst had thrown the "schmitt" completely out of control, and in a devilish sideslip, it turned on one wing and drifted once more directly in front of the Curtiss. Nick wrenched hard on the stick . . . kicked the rudder pedal for all he was worth, but the black-crossed plane tore into his wing with a rending crash!

Both pilots threw back the plexi-glass cowls and squirmed out of their seats. The ships, now tightly enmeshed, spun dizzily, dropping in a free fall. Nick saw the German leap from the wreckage, and glanced down to see where he was. Spinning like a large pinwheel, Nick made out a small island not far off. He drew in his breath, pushed himself clear of the planes and dove into space.

THE CHUTE JERKED him upright as it boomed open. Swiftly, he hauled on the shroud lines, and no sooner had he slipped to one side, than the screaming remains of the fighting ships shot by, to crash in the ocean moments later! Nick picked out the island and worked his lines so as to drift toward it. It was then that he saw the white mushroom of the German's parachute outlined against the trees! The fight wasn't over! He patted the solid bulk of the .45 under his flying suit and grimaced. Two of them, deadly enemies . . . on an island a mile all around, a thousand miles from civilization! One of them would never leave it!

Slipping out of his chute harness, the German had hit the water fifty yards from the beach. At once he struggled out of his flying suit and swam shoreward, his Luger automatic clenched in his teeth. He, too, foresaw what was about to come, and was prepared. The bullets in the gun were well greased to prevent any trace of water spoiling their effectiveness. His feet touched bottom, and he waded onto the sandy strip of beach, where he fell exhausted.

THIS MUCH NICK SAW. He yanked his own lines even further to hit the center of the island. There was a chance that the Nazi might try to pot him as he floated down, but he was moving too fast to make a good target. The trees came up, and before he could blink, he was in them. Quickly, Nick slipped out of his harness to a branch, then dropped to the ground. Bushes and small trees shielded him well, but he pulled out his gun and held it ready. There was no telling when the other man might creep up on him.

Otto Gress shivered slightly. Without his heavy suit, and wet as he was, the breeze was chilling. Craftily, he watched the American drift earthward, and took careful note where he landed. This would be easy. He, Otto, was skilled in the art of woodcraft.

Night came swiftly, blowing its cold breath through the trees. Nick knew that to light a fire would be dangerous for him, yet something must be done. The worst thing would be to rate his enemy a fool, so he gave him credit for having the brains of any beast of the woods. First, Nick found a stream of clear water, drank his fill, then dragged some rocks to the edge. He arranged them carefully, piled some twigs in it neatly, then laid some heavier tree branches over it. He lit a match, and in a moment had a small, cheerful fire going.

Quickly, he slipped off his flying suit, filled it with grass and leaves, and laid it in a natural position beside the fire. Anyone that looked in from the miniature forest around would certainly mistake the dummy for him! About fifty yards off, his parachute still hung from the trees. Without a wasted movement he climbed up and cut the lines from it. A piece about thirty feet long he fashioned into a lasso, the other pieces were tied together in one long strand. Nick hurried back to the edge of the little clearing around the fire. A single pathway ran into the open space, a logical approach for anyone.

On the edge of the opening were two saplings. Nick looped an end of the rope about one, drew it back to the ground and staked it down with a length of

wood that barely held it. The other sapling received the same treatment with the other end of the rope. Now he had a gigantic slingshot. A slight pull on the rope would release the tension and the trees would shoot upright throwing the marauder back into the brush. That noise would be the signal for action! Nick strung the rope across the path, then climbed a tree and went to sleep.

Otto Gress breathed heavily, anticipating the pleasure of killing his hated enemy. His eyes gleamed in the moonlight. The first thing that a man would do, he knew, was search for water, then bed down for the night. Experienced eyes and ears had located the stream minutes before, then he smelt the smoke of a wood fire. "Fool!" he said to the trees. "Such a simple thing to find him now." Otto grinned. No doubt the American would expect him to slip in through the woods. Perhaps he even prepared a trap for him.

But at that moment, he came upon the path. A sudden decision prompted him to follow it, being that it was the easiest way to reach the spot. Shadows of the trees hid him well. Moonlight never touched his stocky body as he slid from tree to tree. The smell of the smoke was getting stronger now, and when Otto looked up he saw the thin black outline of the stuff drifting lazily against the moon.

THE AMERICAN was more foolish than he first thought. The fire was a dead giveaway, but to use green wood on it made the game child's play. The German smiled and checked his gun. He advanced slowly, thinking that perhaps the other flier might be on his guard. He thought out all the possibilities carefully. If he were foolish enough to light a fire, then he would feel secure and fall asleep. However, the man might sleep lightly, and it

would not do to take any chances. He would die in the spot that he lay in!

Carefully, Otto slipped down the path. This was a way that was so obvious the American would not expect him to take it. Finally the end was in sight, and there, clearly outlined in the glow of the fire was the body of a man. The German raised his Luger and took careful aim. He squeezed the trigger. Orange flame spat from the muzzle again and again. The body twitched with each shot, but stayed in the same position.

HA! THAT DID IT! Otto walked forward to the edge of the clearing. Then it happened! His foot hit what he thought was trailing vine, there was a sharp rustle of the two trees springing upright, and he was picked up bodily and hurled through the air! He hit a tree with a thud, fell to the ground moaning. At once he realized what had happened. He'd walked blindly into a trap! The American was clever, but where was he now! The German shook with fear. Why didn't the fool rush him? Surely that bundle by the fire was a dummy, and the shots couldn't have gone unheard! Everything had happened so fast that he hadn't had time to think. Fear had him tightly in his grasp!

At the first sound of a twig breaking, Nick had awakened. His eyes had quickly become accustomed to the gloom, and he dropped from the tree. As silent as a cat, he had made his way through the brush to the path.

Out of the shadow of a tree a form ran. Immediately it disappeared into another shadow. Nick followed in the other's footsteps. He could jump the guy at any time, but he'd wait, he thought, and watch the fun. Clearly, he saw the smirk on the other man's face as he drew his gun and fired. This was going to be worth watching!

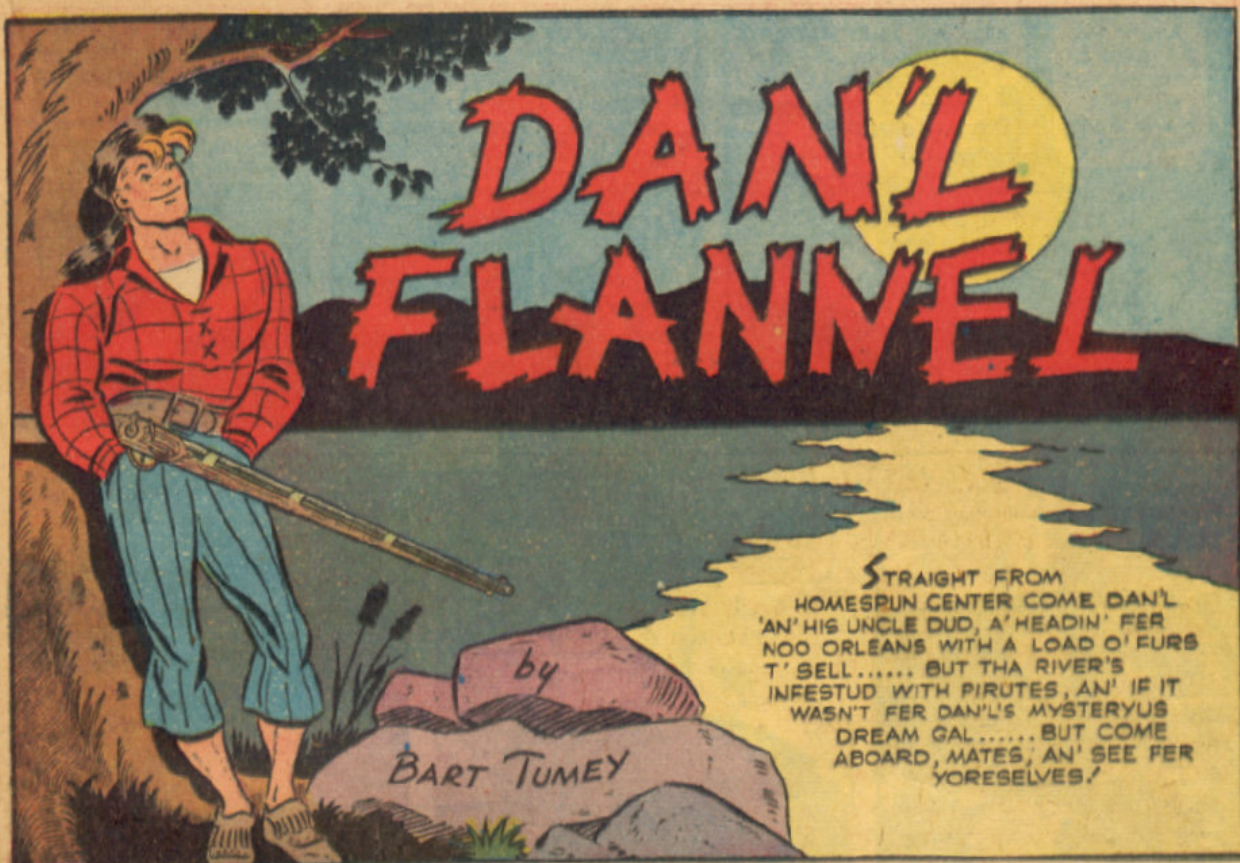
Nick ran back a way when the Nazi walked into the rope. He knew the exact spot where he'd be thrown, and waited for the moment. He didn't wait long. A swish, the thud of a body hitting the tree, the man's groan told the story. Then, Nick waited behind the tree. He saw the look of fright seep into the German's eyes, and watched his hands shake.

Otto stared into the darkness, fully expecting a body to fall on him from somewhere. A twig crackled in the bushes and he emptied his gun in that direction. When the hammer clicked on an empty chamber, he threw it to the ground. A few feet away, Nick smiled. The German was ready to crack under the strain at any moment. Suddenly he let out a wild yell and dashed up the path. Nick sprinted after him, uncoiling his makeshift lariat. He twirled it above his head a few times, then let it snake out. The loop settled around the German's shoulders. Nick braced himself and jerked. On the other end, Otto screamed once and fell in the dust. A quick leap, and Nick was on him. It took but a moment to have him trussed up like a hog.

Early the next morning a scouting plane spotted Nick's parachute in the trees. Shortly afterwards a boat set out from the carrier. Nick and the captured German, still well trussed, met it on the beach. There were a lot of wild shouts when the boys saw the pair, and everybody shook hands with the flier. "How'd ya do it, Nick, was it a hard job?"

NICK GRINNED from ear to ear. "Naw. Ah used an' ole Kaintucky trick for capturin' wild pigs! It worked like a charm. This guy was pretty stupid. He walked right into it! Ah guess he must have been born in a city or something, 'cause he didn't know anything about the woodsman's tricks!"

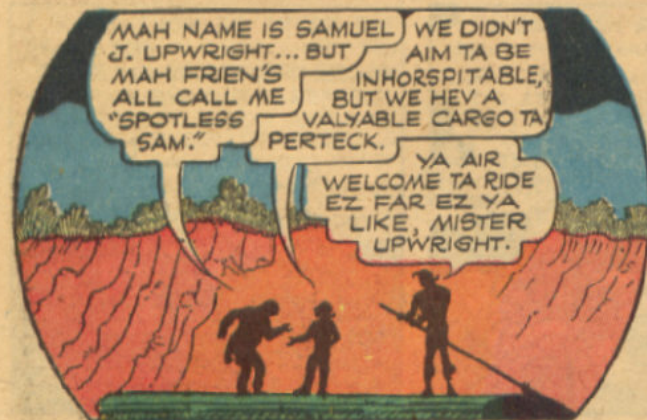
THE END



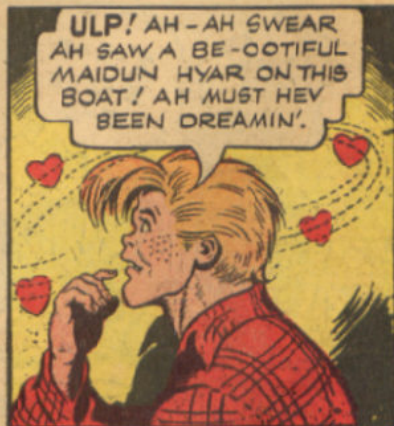
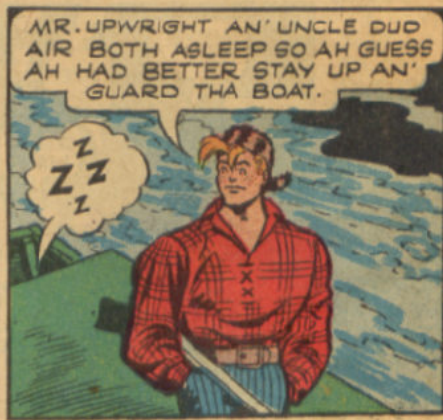
STRAIGHT FROM HOMESPUN CENTER COME DAN'L AN' HIS UNCLE DUD, A' HEADIN' FER NOO ORLEANS WITH A LOAD O' FURS T' SELL..... BUT THA RIVER'S INFESTUD WITH PIRATES, AN' IF IT WASN'T FER DAN'L'S MYSTERYUS DREAM GAL..... BUT COME ABOARD, MATES, AN' SEE FER YORESELVES!

WITH A FLATBOAT LOAD OF PRODUCE TO SELL FOR THEIR FRIENDS IN HOMESPUN CENTER, DAN'L AND HIS UNCLE DUD ARE STARTING A VOYAGE TO NEW ORLEANS.





THAT NIGHT THE FLATBOAT IS GUIDED TO THE BANK AND MADE FAST TO A TREE...





NAW, AH DIDN'T SEE NO PURTY GAL AROUN' THA BOAT LAST NIGHT. WE AIR MILES FROM ANYBUDY EXCEPT INJUNS.

AH GUESS AH MUST'VE BEEN DREAMIN'.

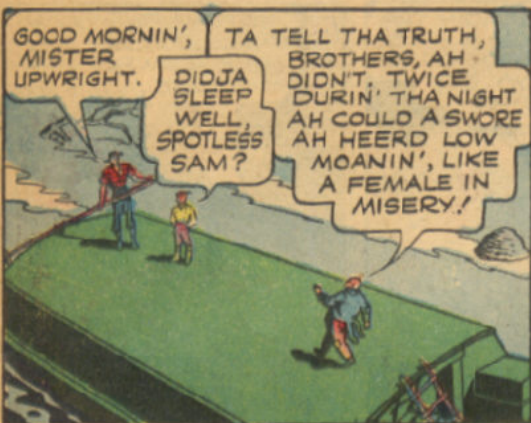


WHILE FURTHER DOWNSTREAM IT'S ABOUT TIME FER GOOD GEORGE TA BRING US ANOTHER BOAT.

YEP. HOLY JOE HEZ BRUNG US A HEAP UV BIZNESS.



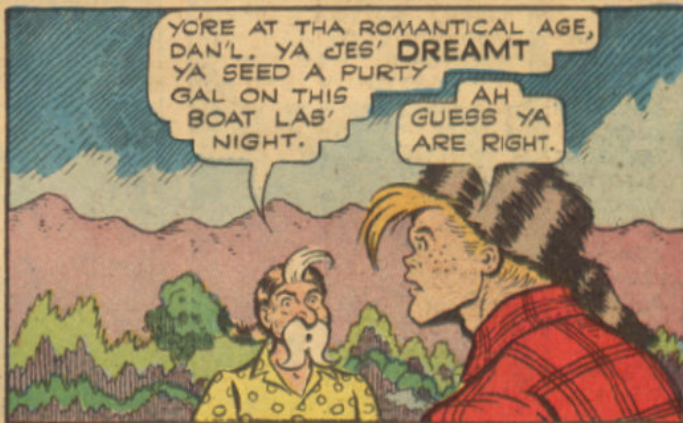
HONEST HARRY, SOL THA SAINT, MISHUNARY MIKE, DEACON DAN.....AH WONDER WOT NAME HE'S USIN' THIS TIME?



GOOD MORNIN', MISTER UPWRIGHT.

DIDJA SLEEP WELL, SPOTLESS SAM?

TA TELL THA TRUTH, BROTHERS, AH DIDN'T. TWICE DURIN' THA NIGHT AH COULD A SWORE AH HEERD LOW MOANIN', LIKE A FEMALE IN MISERY!



YORE AT THA ROMANTICAL AGE, DAN'L. YA JES' DREAMT YA SEED A PURTY GAL ON THIS BOAT LAS' NIGHT.

AH GUESS YA ARE RIGHT.



THEM FEMALE CRYIN' NOISES MISTER UPWRIGHT HEERD WAS PROB'LY JES' A HOOT OWL.

SHORE. AH'M GONNA FERGIT IT.



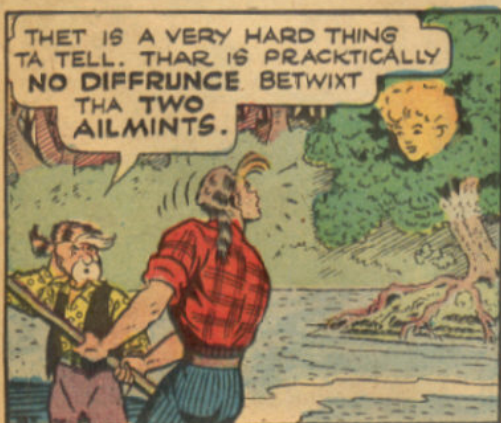
MAH DREAM GAL!

GORSH!



DAN'L, AIR YA STILL MOONIN' OVER THET GAL YA DREAMT ERBOUT?

GULP! AH WISHT AH KNOWN IF AH WAS GITTIN' OFF IN THA HAID OR GITTIN' IN LUV.



THET IS A VERY HARD THING TA TELL. THAR IS PRACTCKTLY NO DIFFRUNCCE BETWIXT THA TWO AILMINTS.



WE'RE ALMOST TO THA PLACE WHAR THA GANG IS WAITING --- AH'LL HAVE TA STOP THA BOAT!



THAR IS A WONDERFUL GOOD PLACE TA TIE UP FER THA NIGHT DOWN HERE, BROTHER DAN'L.

BUT IT AIN'T DARK YET.

TUSH! THIS HERE IS THA
FINEST PLACE TA STAY
ON THA WHOLE RIVER.
AH KNOWS THA SPOT
WELL.



THAR IS A SPRING
OF THA MOST
DEE-LISHOUS
COLD WATER
YA EVER
TASTED.

WE DO
NEED
FRESH
WATER,
SPOTLESS
SAM.



IT'S HOLY JOE!
HE'S BRUNG
US ANOTHER
BOAT! AH
SEED HIM
HELPIN' STEER
IT IN TA THA
BANK!

SOL THA SAINT,
MISHUNARY MIKE,
HONEST HARRY,
PETE THA MEEK...
WHATEVER NAME
JAKE THA RAKE
USES, HE ALLUS
BRINGS US
BIZNESS!



LEAVING
DAN'L
AND
UNCLE
DUD AT
THE BOAT,
SAM
HURRIES
TO MEET
THE
RIVER
PIRATES

THIS'LL BE THA EASIEST
JOB WE EVER HAD, MAH
BROTHERS. THAR ARE
ONLY TWO UV 'EM.



W'HILE AH'M LEADIN' THA
KID'S UNCLE ON A WILD
GOOSE CHASE LOOKIN' FER
THA SPRING, YO' GO
ABOARD AN' TAKE
THA BOAT.



L
A
T
E
R

MISTER UPWRIGHT AN'
UNCLE DUD HEV BEEN
GONE A AWFUL LONG
TIME! IT'S
GETTIN'
DARK.



IF MISTER UPWRIGHT WASN'T
SECH A FINE MAN I'D BE
WORRIET. HE SAID HE
KNOWED THESE WOODS
WELL.

HO HUM!
AH WON'ER
IF AH DAST
KETCH A
COUPLE
O' WINKS?



AS
DAN'L DOZES OFF
TO SLEEP, THE RIVER
PIRATES STEAL
CLOSER AND CLOSER
--- BUT A
SHADOWY FIGURE
HAS EMERGED
FROM THE HOLD
OF THE
FLATBOAT...

LOOK
OUT
BEHIND
YOU!



IT WAS MAH DREAM
GAL! AH DREAMT ERBOUT
HER AGIN! SHE TOLE ME
TO LOOK BEHIND....

FER GRASHUS
SAKES!



PIRUTES!

GRAB
HIM!





SWIM
FER
YER
LIVES!

HE'S
GOT
A
GUN!



MEANWHILE....

IT SHORE IS
FUNNY WE CAINT
FIND THET SPRING
YO SAID WAS UP
HERE. MEBBE
WE BETTER GO
BACK TA THA BOAT
AN' WAIT FER
DAYLIGHT.

THA BOYS HEV HAD
PLENTY OF TIME TA
GRAB THA KID AN'
TAKE THA
BOAT...



NOW IS THA TIME
TA DISPOSE OF
BROTHER
DUDLEY!



RUN
FER
COVER!!

THAT KID
IS A
**WILD-
CAT!**

WHUT
TH'!!



AH'D BETTER WAIT
BEFORE DISPOSIN'
OF BROTHER DUD...
SOMETHING MUST
HEV GONE WRONG!



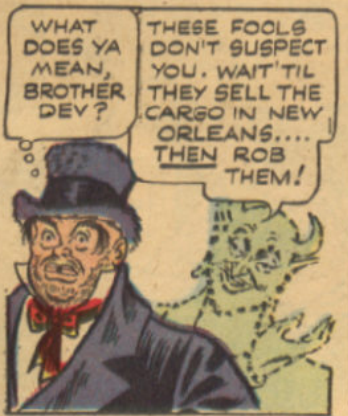
AIR YA ALL RIGHT, DAN'L?

YEP. AH RECKON
THEM RIVER
RATS AIR STILL
RUNNIN'.



RATS IS RIGHT!
THREE AGAINST
ONE AN' THEY
FAILED ME!

WHAT DO
YOU CARE?
NOW YOU
WON'T HAVE
TO SPLIT
THE
SWAG!



WHAT
DOES YA
MEAN,
BROTHER
DEV?

THESE FOOLS
DON'T SUSPECT
YOU. WAIT'TIL
THEY SELL THE
CARGO IN NEW
ORLEANS...
THEN ROB
THEM!



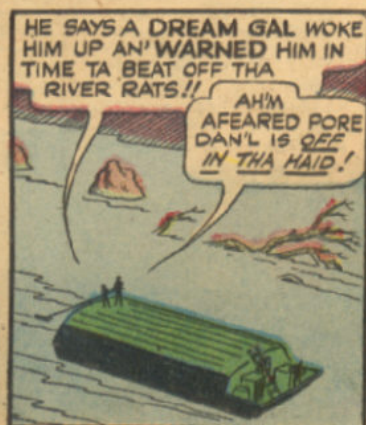
BROTHER DAN'L, AH HEV
DECIDED TA GO ALL THA
WAY TA NOO ORLEANS
WITH YA. THIS RIVER
IS INFESTED WITH
**WICKUD AN' SINFUL
MEN!** YO' NEEDS
MAH HELP TA GUARD
THA BOAT!

THET
SHORE IS
NICE
OF YA,
SPOTLESS
SAM.
THANKS!



SAM, AH'S WORRIET
ERBOUT DAN'L. HE
CLAIMS IT WAS A
GHOST GAL WHO
REALLY SAVED THA
BOAT FROM THA
PIRATES LAST
NIGHT!

HOW'S THET,
BROTHER
DUDLEY?



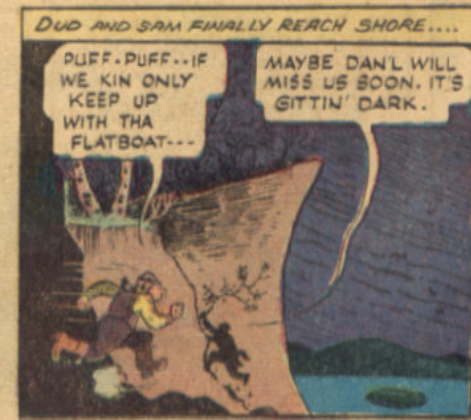
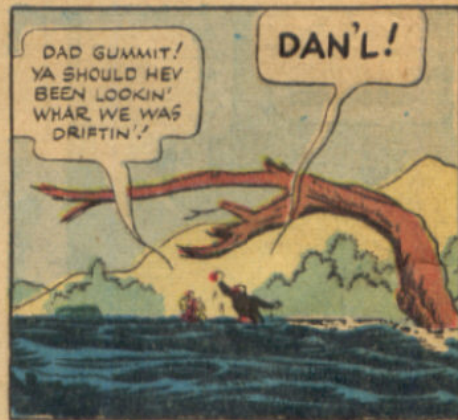
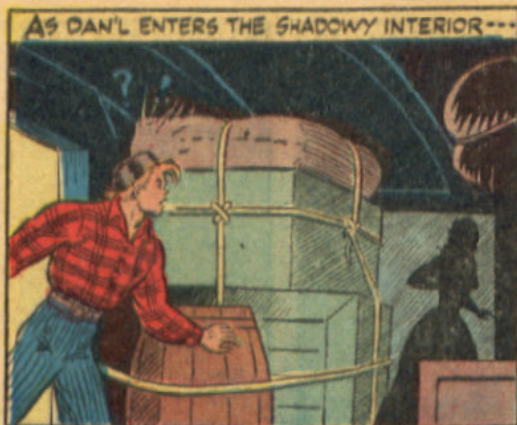
HE SAYS A DREAM GAL WOKE
HIM UP AN' WARNED HIM IN
TIME TA BEAT OFF THA
RIVER RATS!!

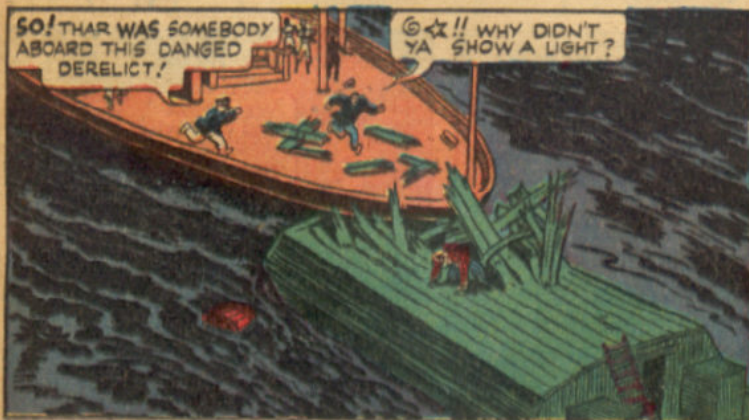
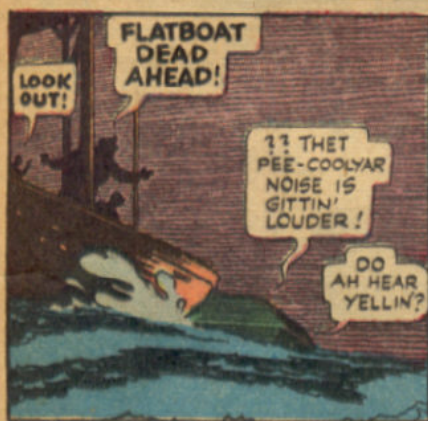
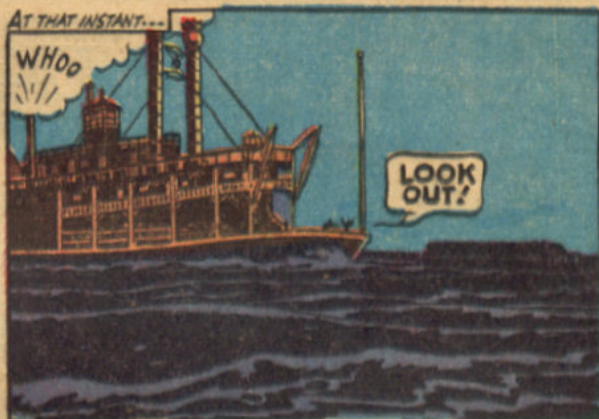
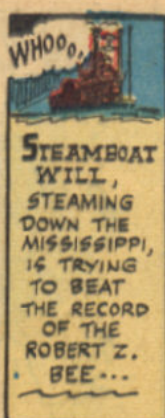
AH'M
AFEARED PORE
DAN'L IS OFF
IN THA HAID!

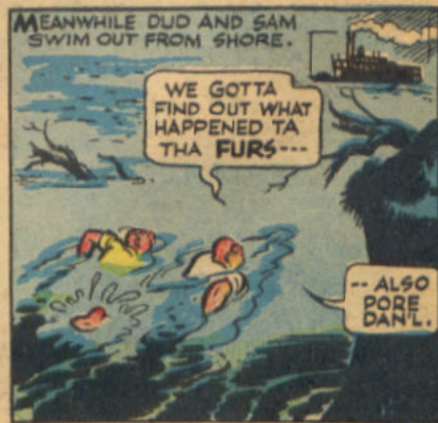
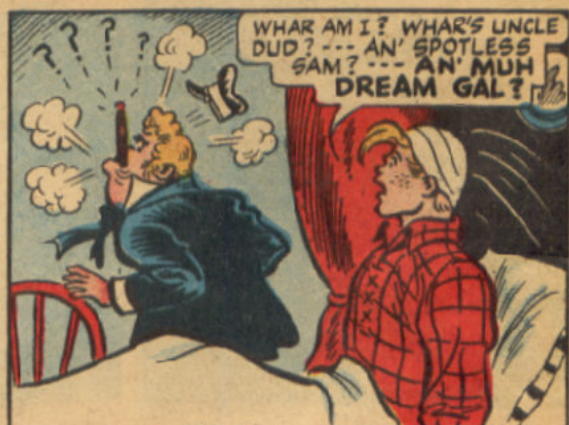


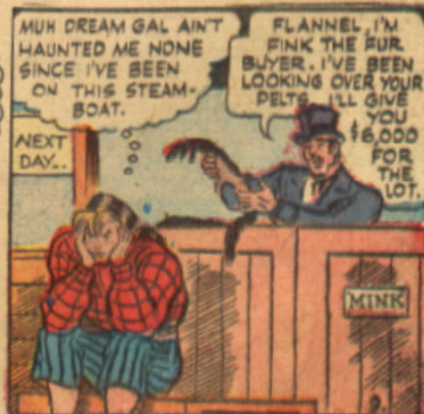
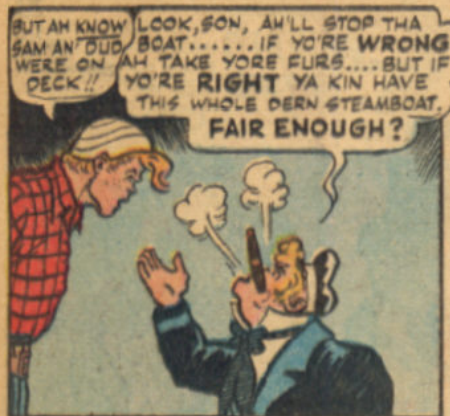
AH WONDER IF AH WAS
JES' DREAMIN' LAS' NIGHT?
AFTER ALL, AH DON'T BELIEVE
IN GHOSTS AN' REAL LIVE
GALS JES' DON'T BOB UP
OUTTA NOWHAR.

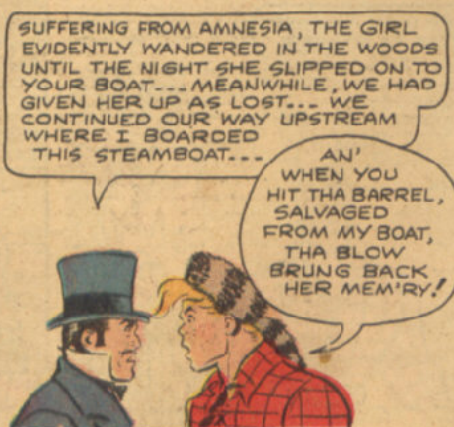
MAYBE
AH NEED
SOME
SLEEP!





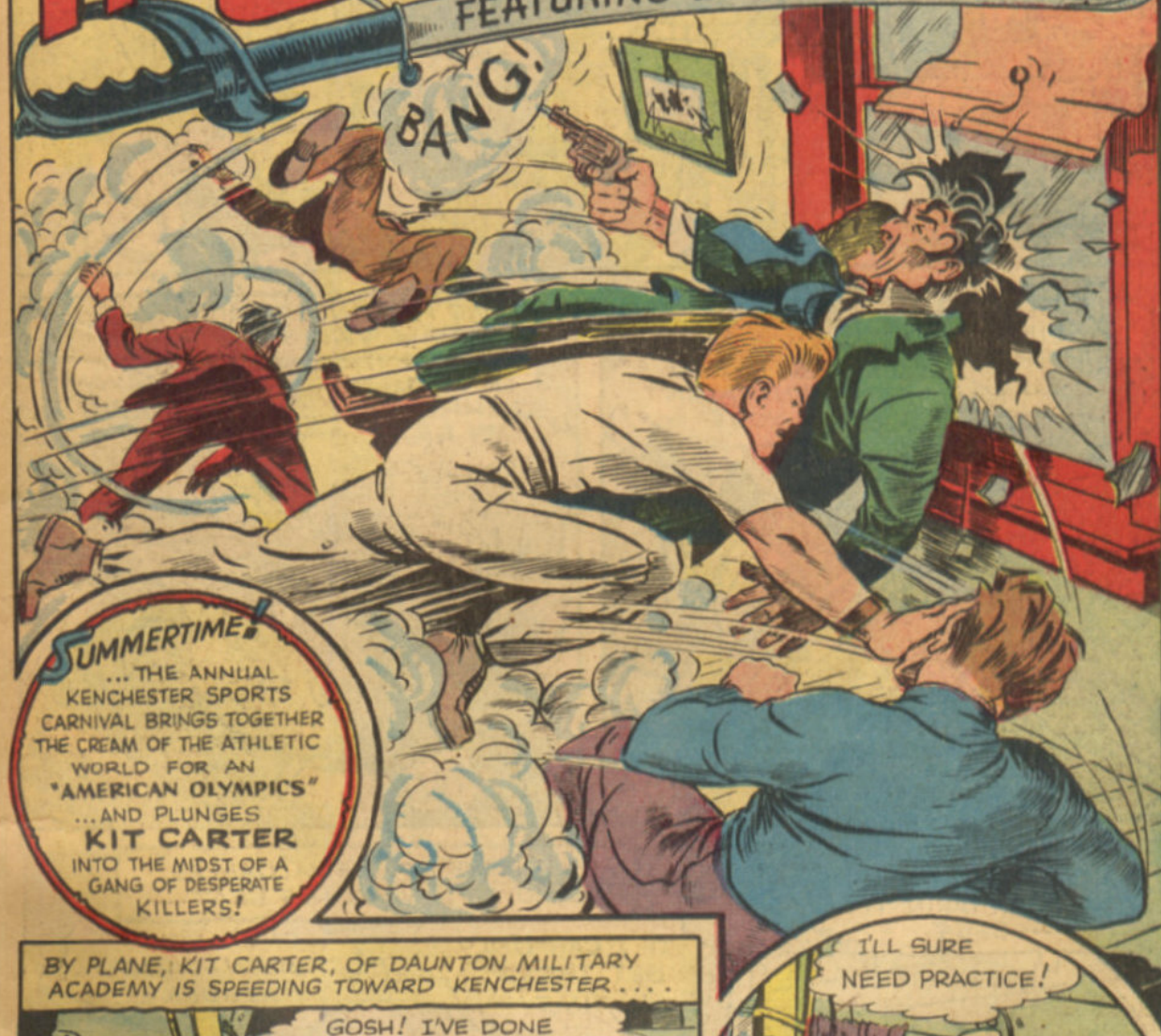






The CADET

FEATURING KIT CARTER



SUMMERTIME!

...THE ANNUAL
KENCHESTER SPORTS
CARNIVAL BRINGS TOGETHER
THE CREAM OF THE ATHLETIC
WORLD FOR AN
"AMERICAN OLYMPICS"
...AND PLUNGES
KIT CARTER
INTO THE MIDST OF A
GANG OF DESPERATE
KILLERS!

BY PLANE, KIT CARTER, OF DAUNTON MILITARY
ACADEMY IS SPEEDING TOWARD KENCHESTER....

GOSH! I'VE DONE
PLENTY OF SKIING ON
SNOW -- BUT NEVER
ON **PINE NEEDLES!**

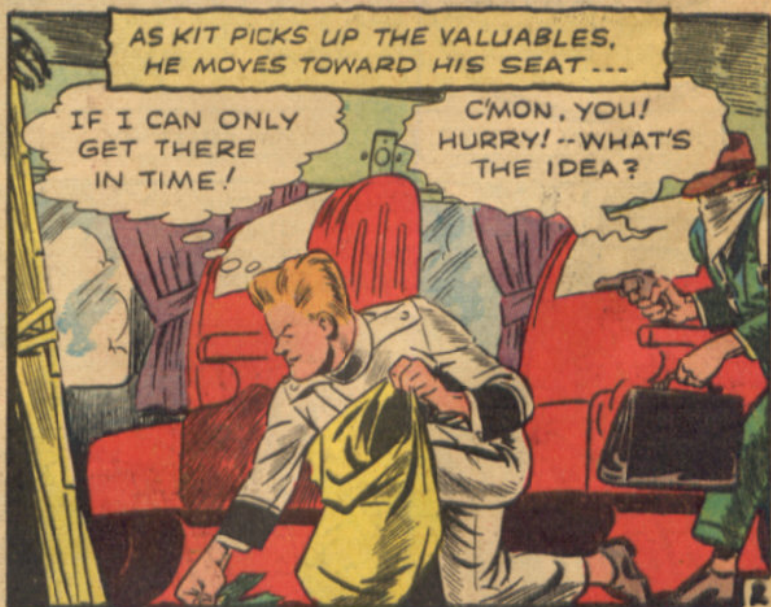
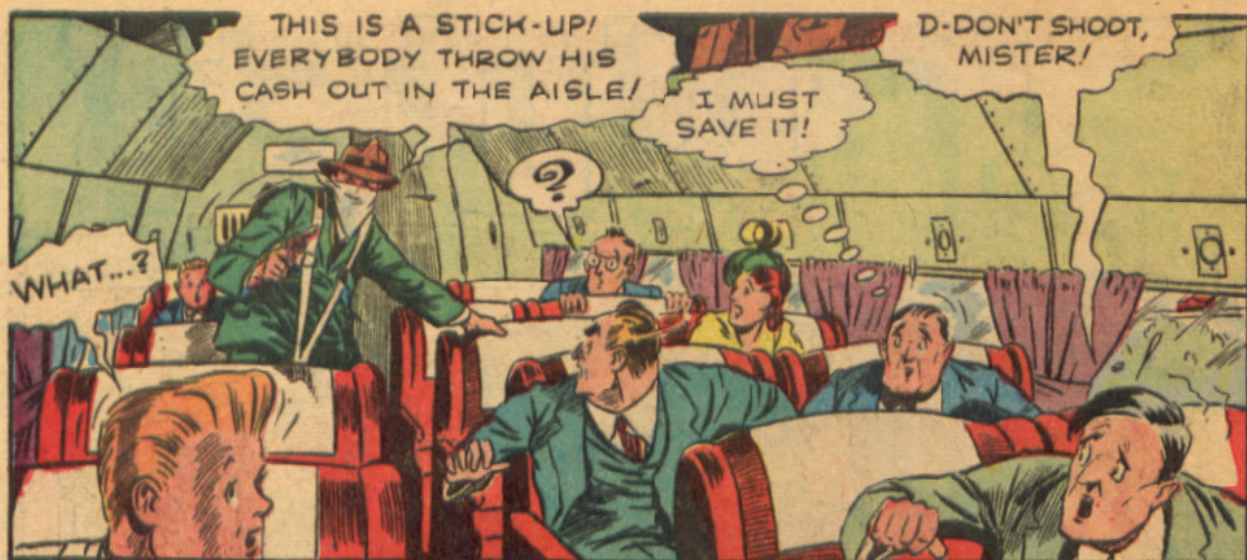


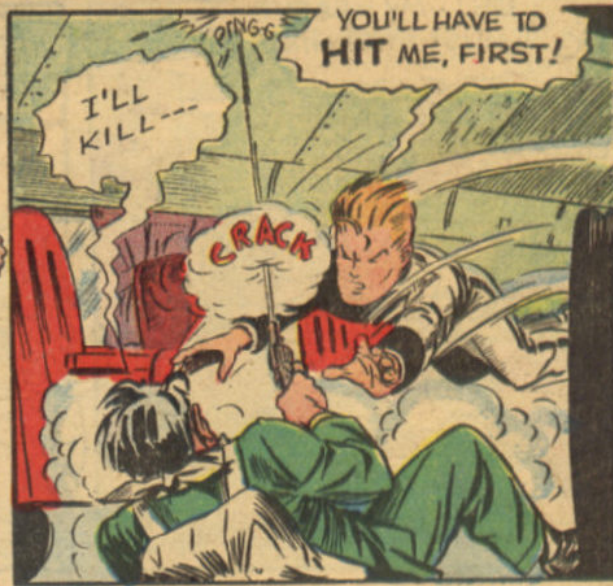
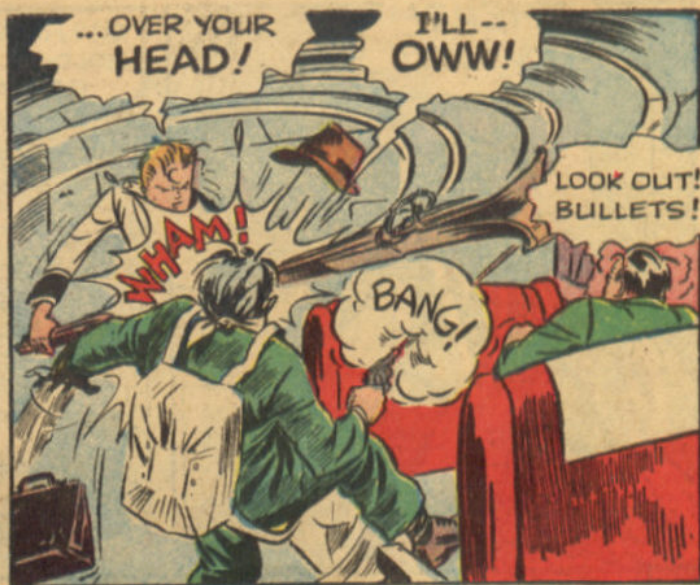
I'LL SURE
NEED PRACTICE!

Kenchester
Carnival
MAIN EVENT...
Ski jump on
Pine needles
Prize \$5,000.
IN
WAR BONDS

By
Garn
& Jordan

SUDDENLY..



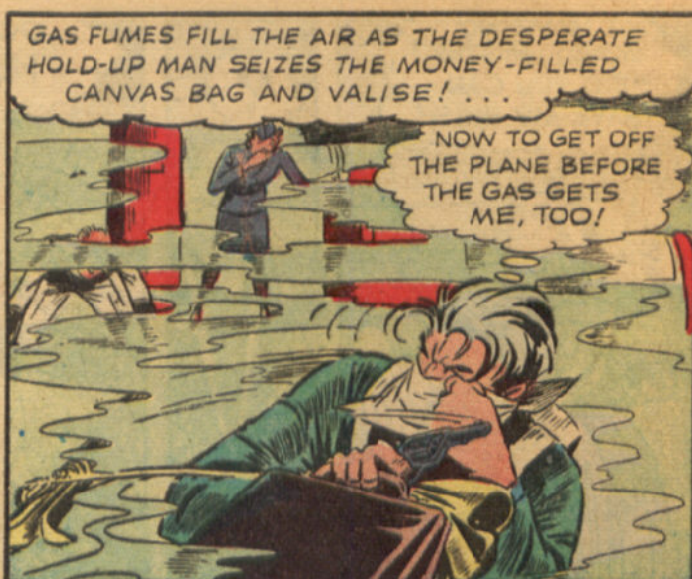




THERE!
--YOU DOGS!

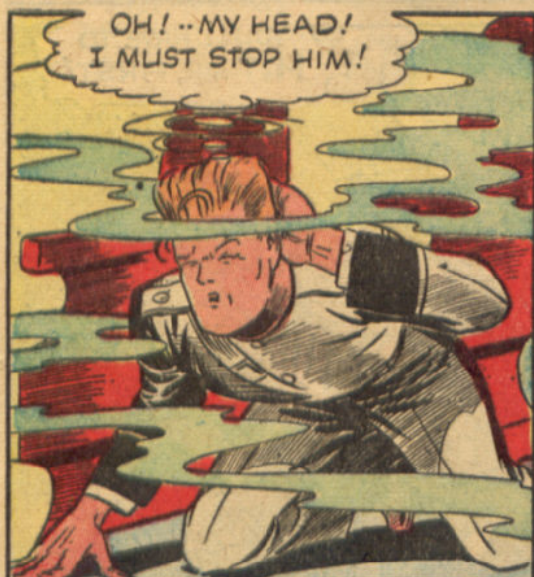
S-S-S-

CLICK!

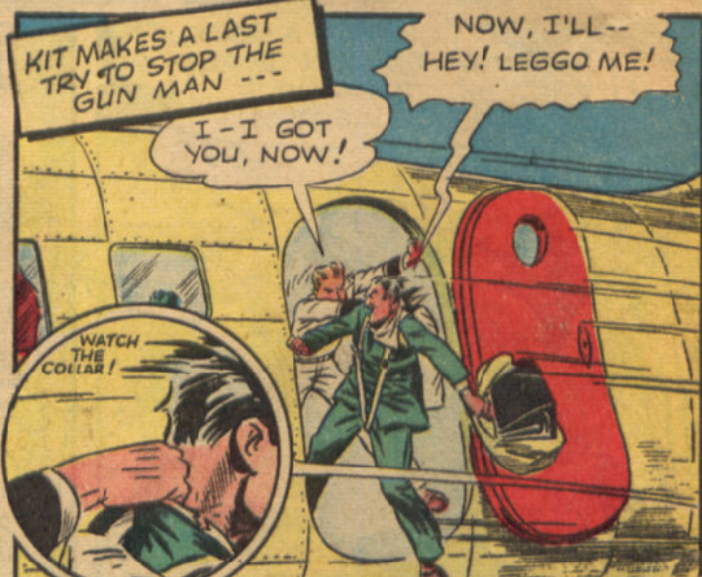


GAS FUMES FILL THE AIR AS THE DESPERATE
HOLD-UP MAN SEIZES THE MONEY-FILLED
CANVAS BAG AND VALISE! ...

NOW TO GET OFF
THE PLANE BEFORE
THE GAS GETS
ME, TOO!



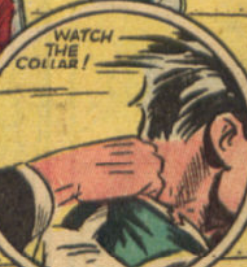
OH! --MY HEAD!
I MUST STOP HIM!



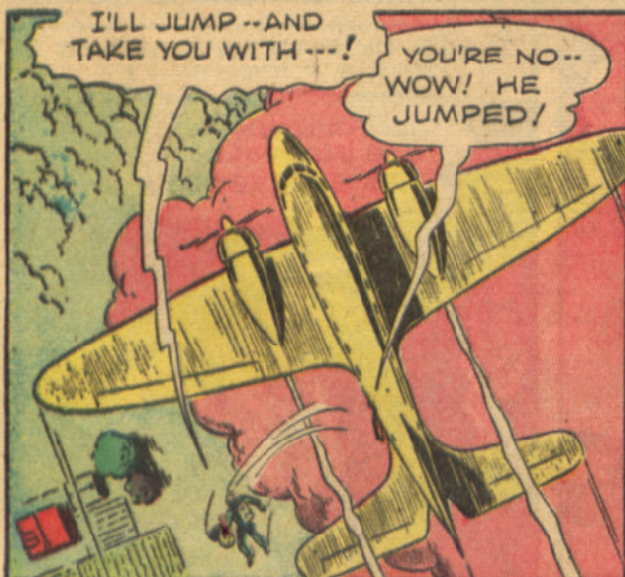
KIT MAKES A LAST
TRY TO STOP THE
GUN MAN ---

NOW, I'LL --
HEY! LEGGO ME!

I - I GOT
YOU, NOW!

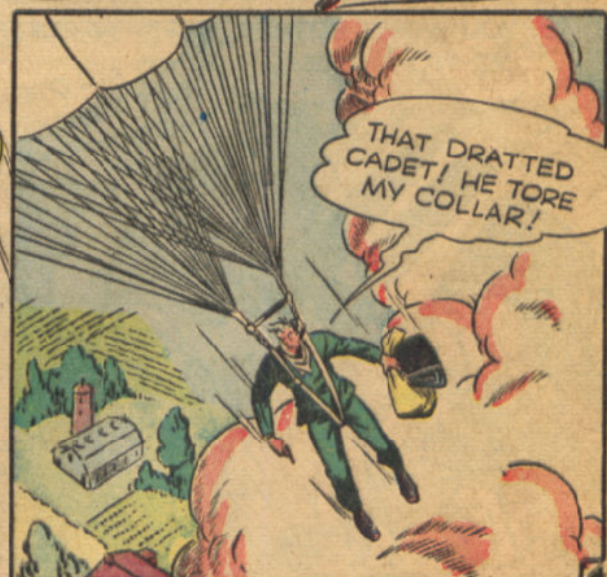


WATCH
THE
COLLAR!

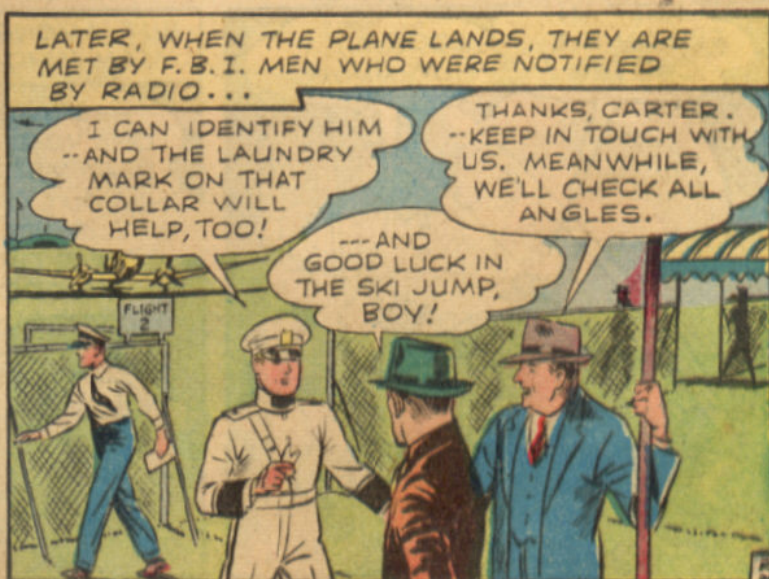
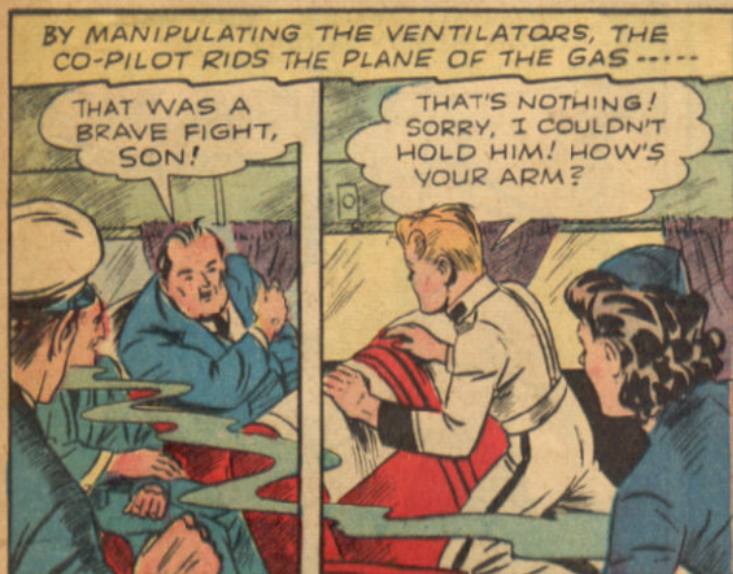
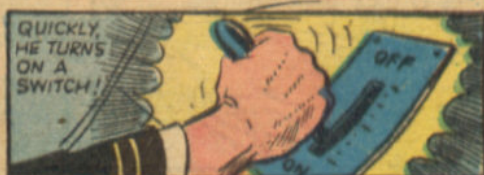
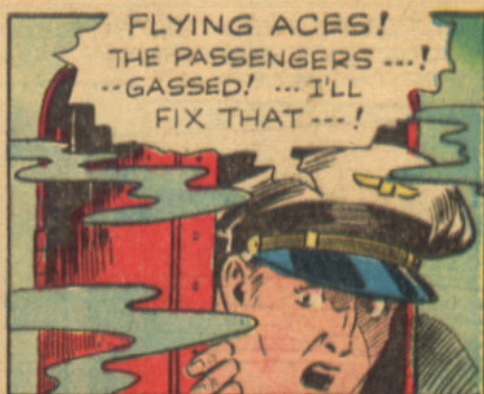


I'LL JUMP --AND
TAKE YOU WITH ---!

YOU'RE NO --
WOW! HE
JUMPED!



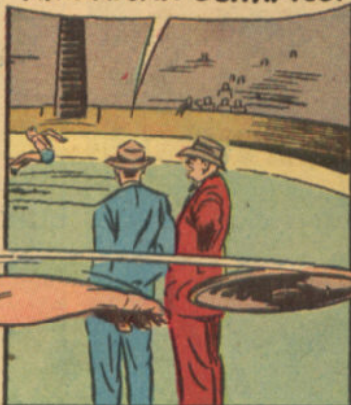
THAT DRATTED
CADET! HE TORE
MY COLLAR!



LATER AT THE ATHLETIC FIELD, SOME OF THE COUNTRY'S BEST KNOWN ATHLETES PRACTISE FOR THE MEET...



EVERYBODY'S CALLING THIS THE AMERICAN OLYMPICS!



THAT "SKI JUMP ON PINE NEEDLES" OUGHT TO BE GOOD!

THAT \$5,000 IS NOTHING TO SNEER AT, EITHER!



KIT CARTER MAKES A FEW PRACTICE JUMPS ON THE PINE NEEDLES.

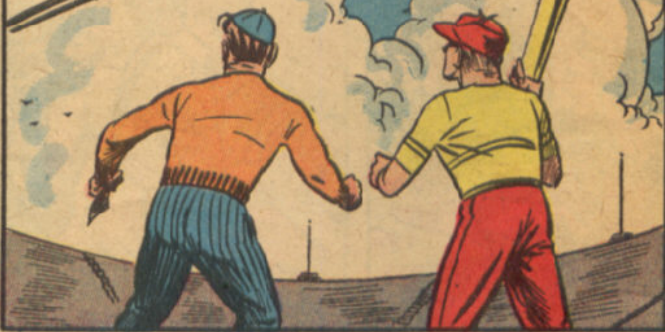
WHEE-EE! JUMPING ON PINE NEEDLES IS **KEEN**!

I'LL TRY ANYTHING ONCE!



SAY! --KIT CARTER LOOKS PRETTY GOOD TO ME!

SOME DIFFERENCE BETWEEN **THIS** AND SNOW!



KEEP AN EYE ON KIT CARTER!

LOOK AT HIM JUMP!

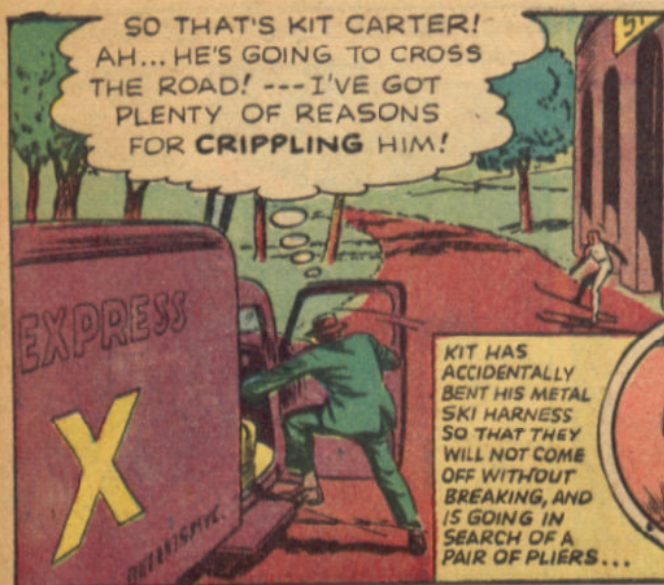


BUT, AMONG THE ON-LOOKERS IS THE MAN WHO LEAPED FROM THE PLANE...

HE'S THE ONLY ONE WHO MIGHT BEAT ME! GET 'HIM OUT OF THE WAY IF YOU WANT SOME OF THAT \$5,000!

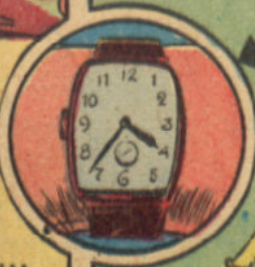
DON'T WORRY! I'LL FIX **HIM**! --IN MY OWN LITTLE WAY!





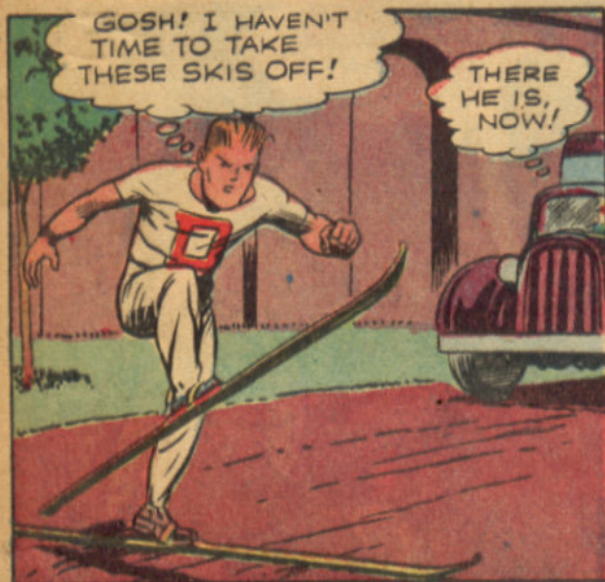
SO THAT'S KIT CARTER!
AH... HE'S GOING TO CROSS
THE ROAD! --- I'VE GOT
PLENTY OF REASONS
FOR **CRIPPLING** HIM!

KIT HAS
ACCIDENTALLY
BENT HIS METAL
SKI HARNESS
SO THAT THEY
WILL NOT COME
OFF WITHOUT
BREAKING, AND
IS GOING IN
SEARCH OF A
PAIR OF PLIERS...



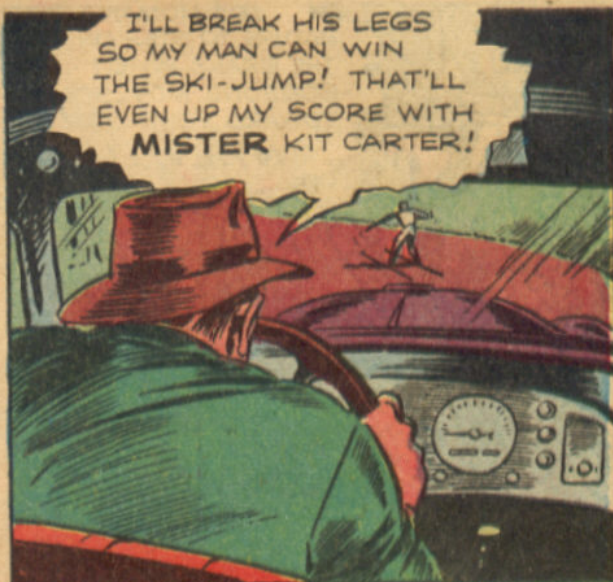
JUST
THEN...

HOLY MACKEREL!
THOSE F.B.I. MEN
ASKED ME TO PHONE
THEM AT 4:30 ...
ABOUT THAT
PLANE HOLD-UP!

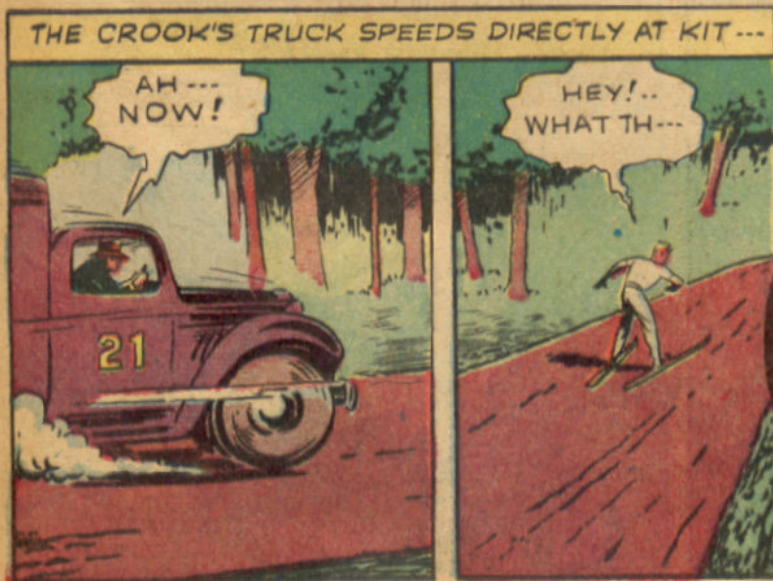


GOSH! I HAVEN'T
TIME TO TAKE
THESE SKIS OFF!

THERE
HE IS,
NOW!



I'LL BREAK HIS LEGS
SO MY MAN CAN WIN
THE SKI-JUMP! THAT'LL
EVEN UP MY SCORE WITH
MISTER KIT CARTER!



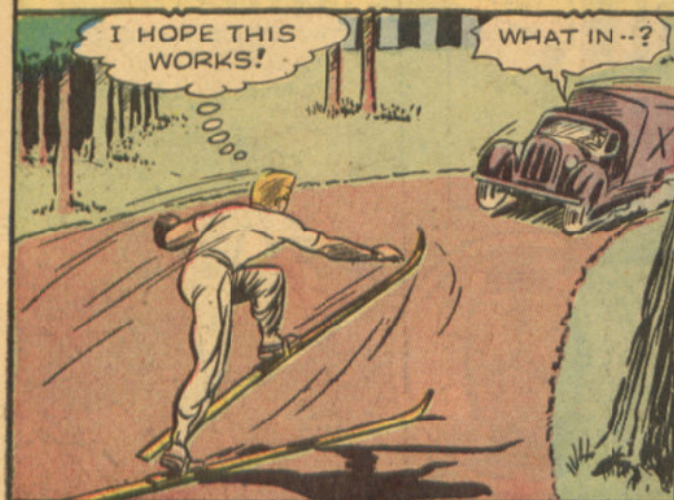
AH ---
NOW!

HEY!..
WHAT TH---

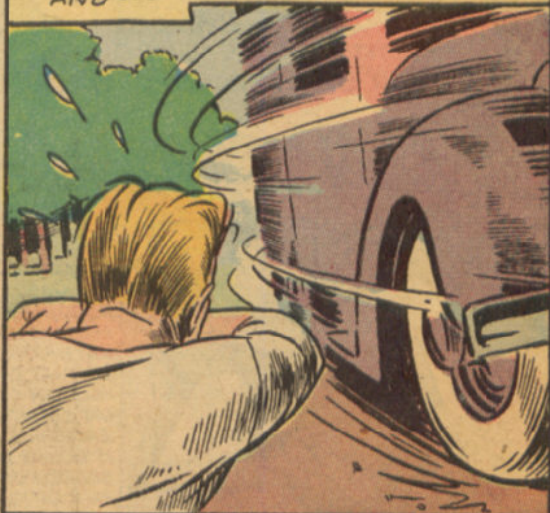


THAT GUY MUST BE
CRAZY!!

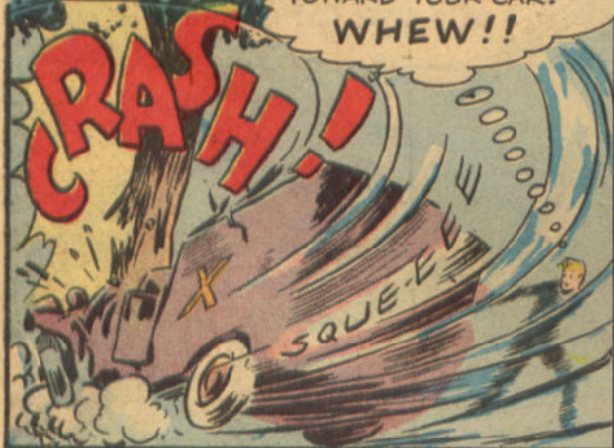
WITH FLASH-THINKING, KIT TURNS AND
RUSHES DIRECTLY AT THE TRUCK! . . .



THE AMAZED CROOK SWERVES
AND ---



IT'S HUMAN
NATURE TO STEP ON
THE BRAKE WHEN
SOMEONE MOVES
TOWARD YOUR CAR!
WHEW!!



WHO WOULD
TRY A TRICK
LIKE THAT?



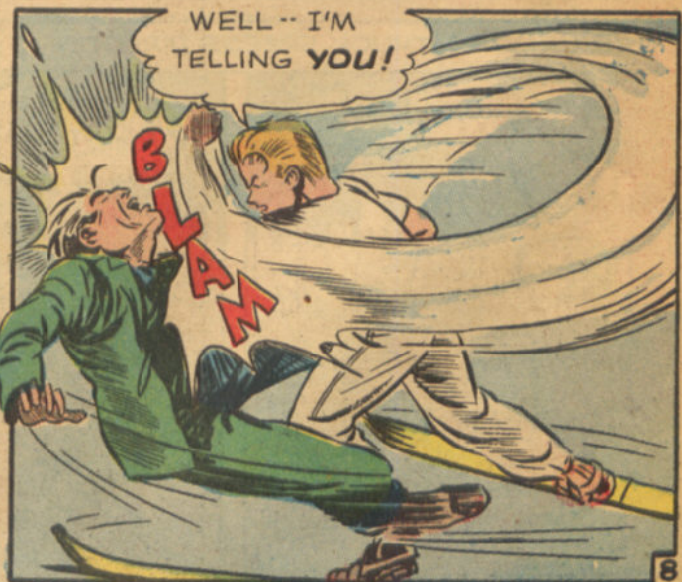
HOLY SMOKE!

THE CROOK WHO
HELD UP THE
PLANE!

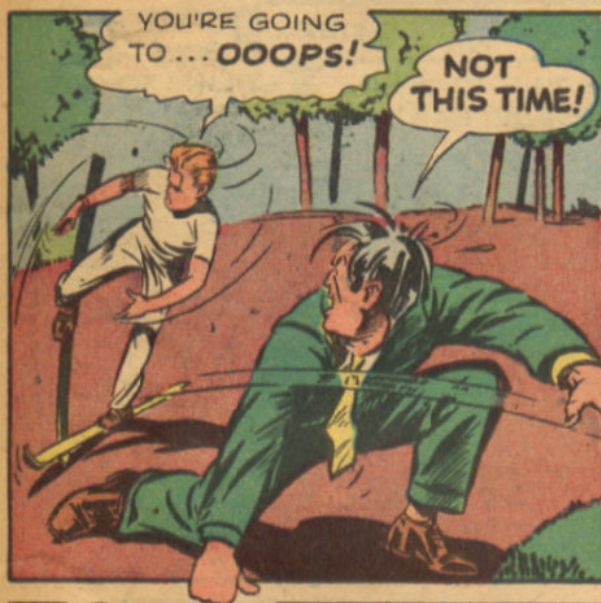
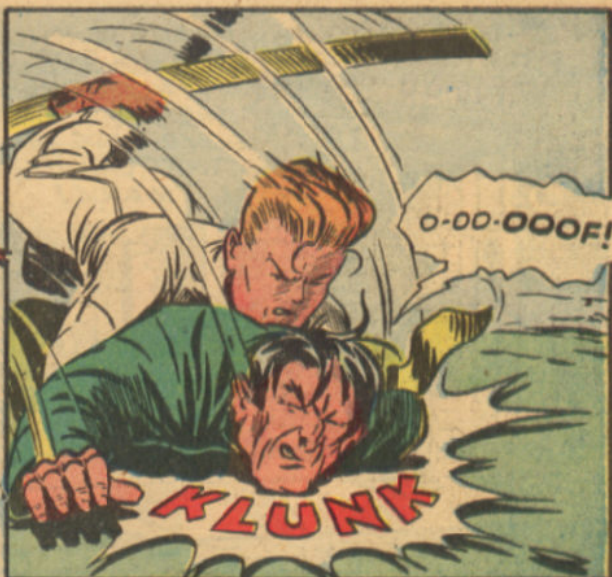
YEAH!
BUT YOU'LL
NEVER TELL
ANYONE!



WELL -- I'M
TELLING **YOU!**



THE CROOK TRIES TO ESCAPE...



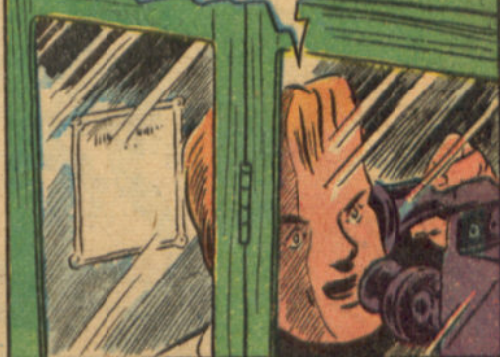
KIT HURRIES TO THE NEAREST PHONE...
AFTER FINALLY GETTING OFF HIS SKIS...

... AND CALLS THE F.B.I.



GEE, I HOPE
THE F.B.I. HAS
SOME DOPE ON
THAT LAUNDRY
MARK!

WHAT? YOU
KNOW THE PLACE
THAT LAUNDERED
THAT COLLAR?



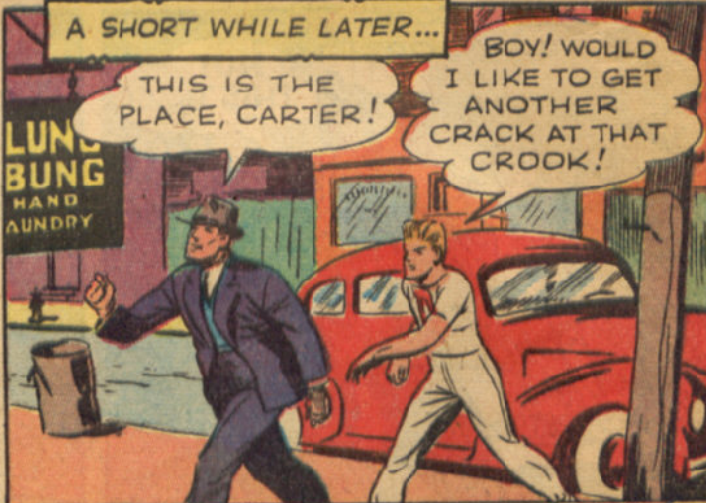
YES, CARTER. WE
CHECKED THAT VERY
EASILY. STAY
WHERE YOU ARE
AND I'LL PICK
YOU UP!



A SHORT WHILE LATER...

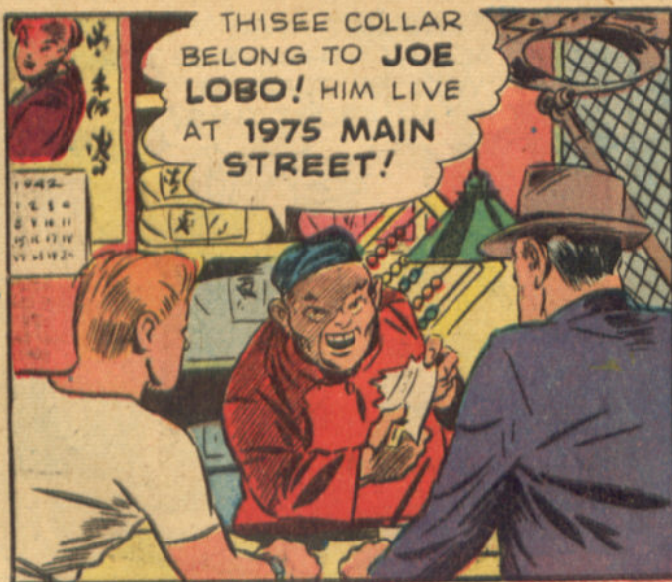
THIS IS THE
PLACE, CARTER!

BOY! WOULD
I LIKE TO GET
ANOTHER
CRACK AT THAT
CROOK!



KIT HAS REPAIRED HIS SKI HARNESS WHILE
WAITING FOR THE F.B.I. AGENT...

THISEE COLLAR
BELONG TO JOE
LOBO! HIM LIVE
AT 1975 MAIN
STREET!



THEY QUICKLY CHECK UP ON
"JOE LOBO" FOR A CRIMINAL RECORD.

THE OFFICE SAYS THEY
HAVE NO "JOE LOBO" IN
THEIR FILES. IT MAY BE
AN ASSUMED NAME --OR
EVEN A MISTAKE!





--OR PERHAPS
THE HOLD-UP MAN
BORROWED--OR STOLE
A SHIRT FROM THIS
"JOE LOBO!" LET'S GO
TO 1975 MAIN
STREET, RIGHT
AWAY, SIR!



THERE'S GONNA
BE PLENTY OF DOUGH
FOR EVERYBODY! BUT
I AIN'T PAYIN' OFF
TILL AFTER THE SKI-
JUMP, TOMORROW!

LOOK! I
HAVEN'T A CHANCE
TO WIN WITH THAT
CADET IN IT!



YOU SAID YOU'D
TAKE CARE OF
CARTER AND YOU
DIDN'T!



I'M RUNNIN' THIS
SHOW! ... AND I SAID
I'D FIX CARTER! SEE?

A-A-AW...
AWRIGHT!

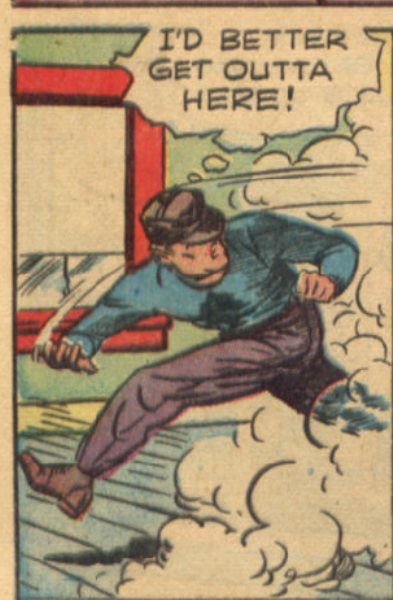
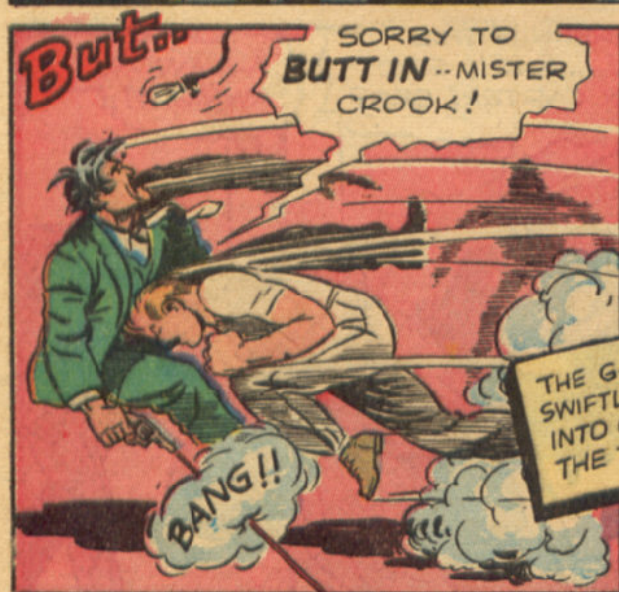
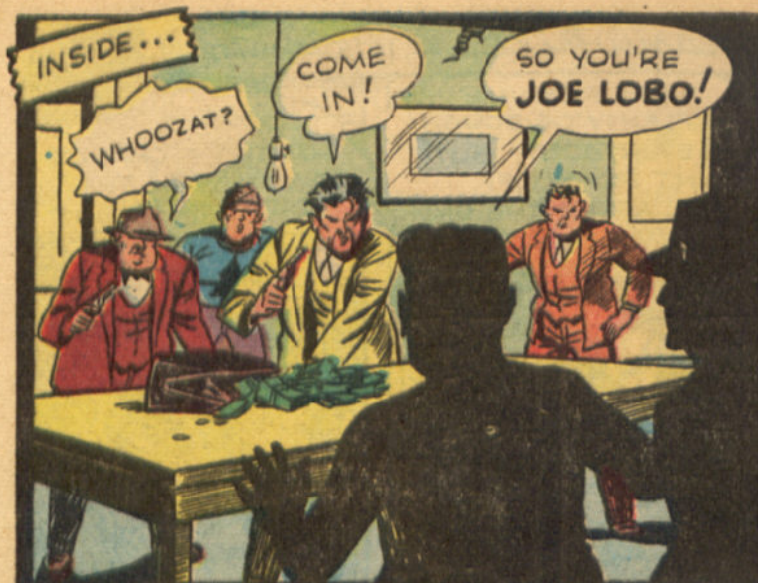


CARTER SLEEPS AT
MRS. GRADY'S HOUSE!...
UNDERSTAND? THORSEN'S
GOTTA WIN, TOMORROW!
---AND WE'RE GONNA GET
MISTER CARTER, TONIGHT!

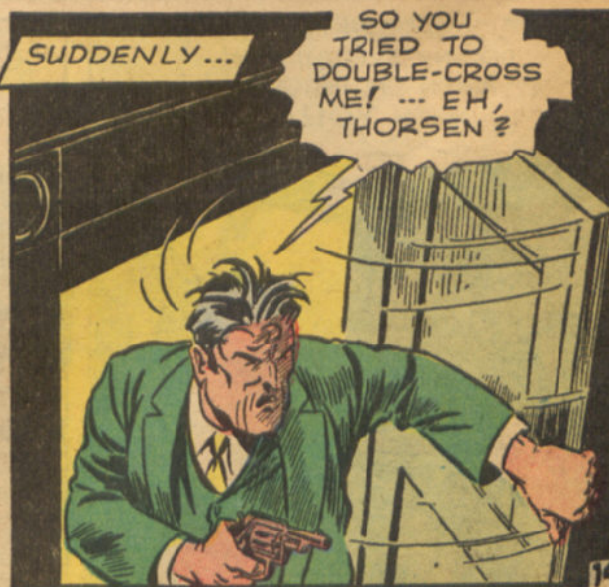
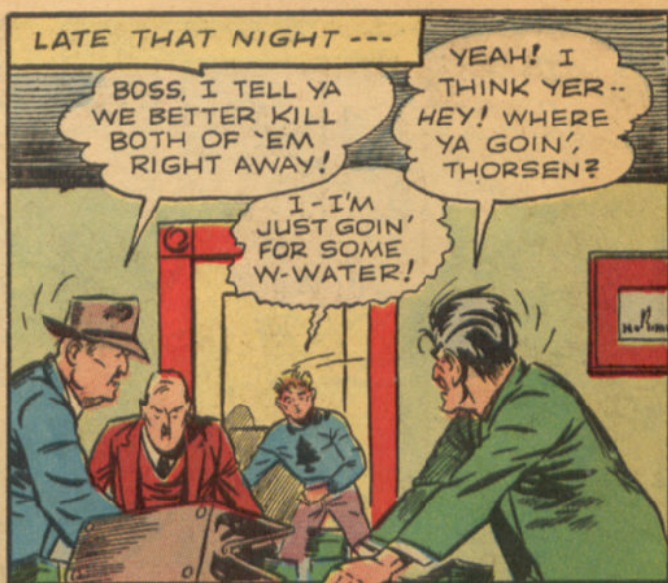


I CAN'T WAIT
UNTIL I GET A LOOK
AT THIS "JOE LOBO."

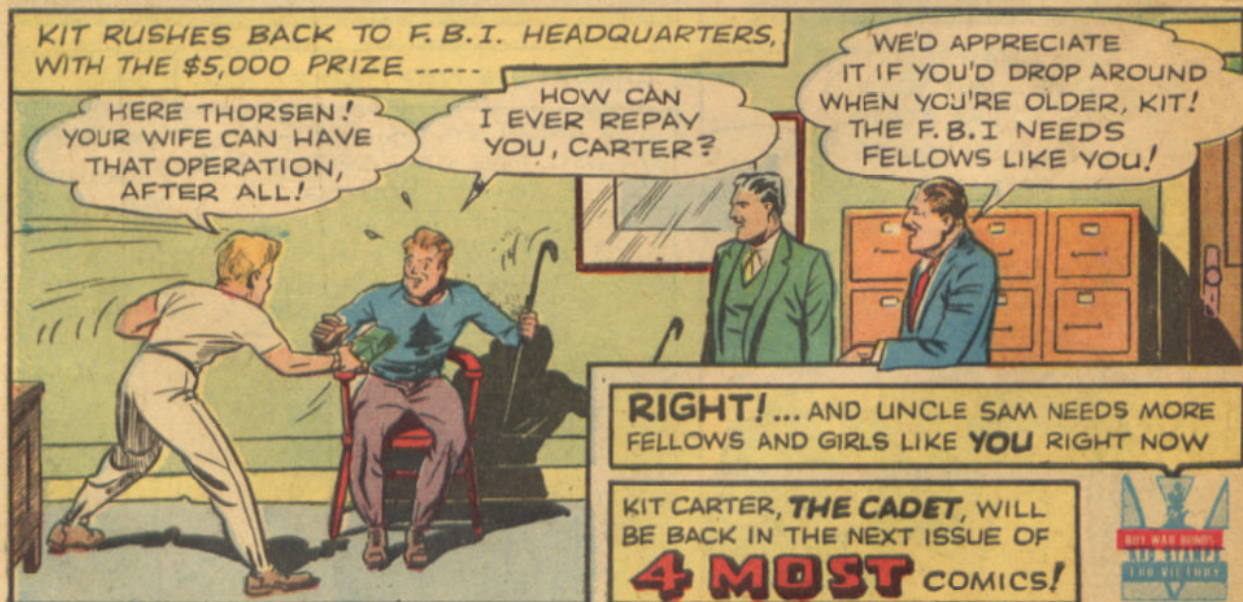
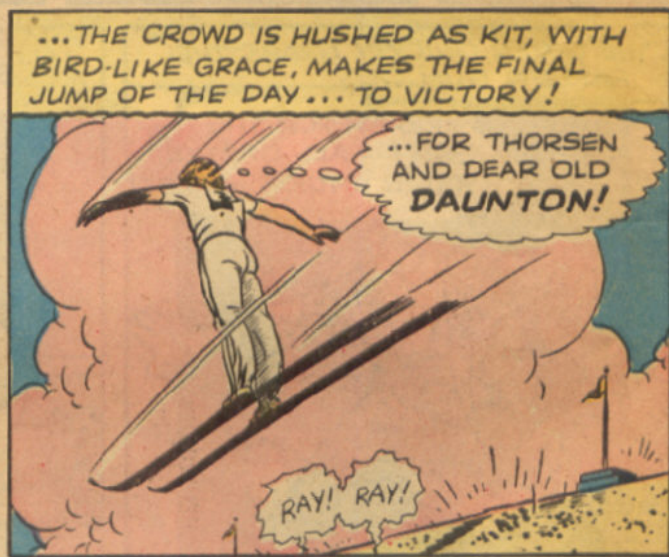
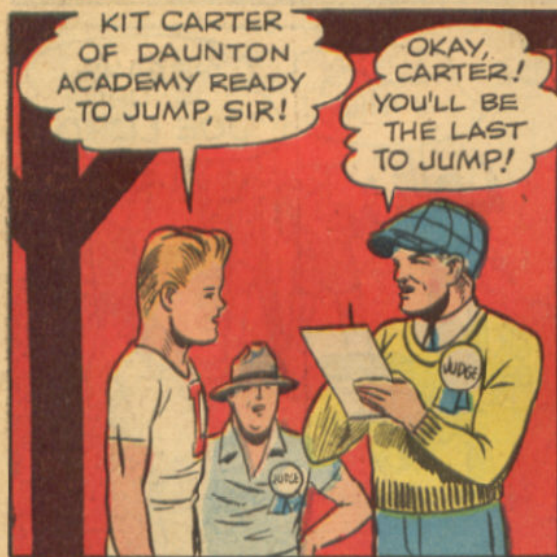
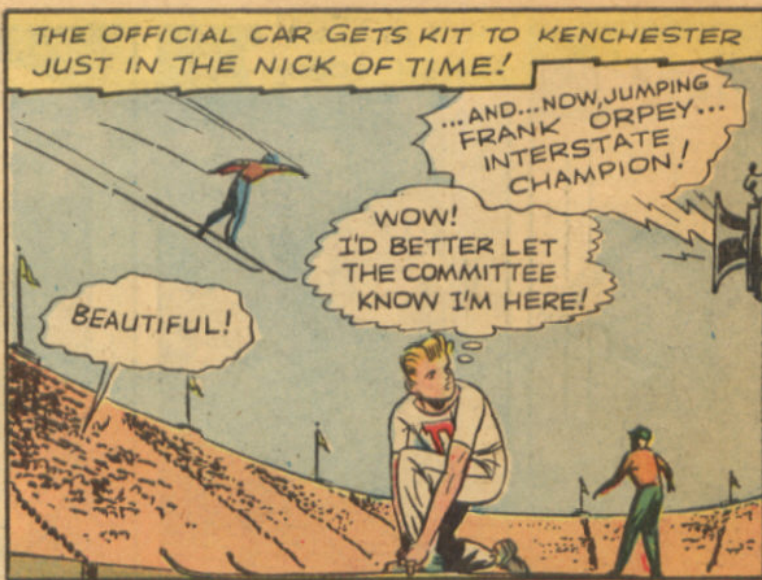
ME,
TOO!











PRINTED IN U.S.A.



HOW TO OUTWIT A NIGHT BOMBER!



The Mysterious . . .
Red, White and Blue

BLACKOUT BUTTON

In London during the German Air Raids; people wore little shiny buttons in their lapels during blackouts so they wouldn't be bumped into by mistake. Now there's a button available American-style . . . a big one designed in patriotic colors. Be the first on your block to get one! People will be amazed to see how it works; you just hold it under a light for 5 seconds and it glows in the dark for hours.

NO. MO-210 25c

BLACKOUT ARM BAND

Get one of the white arm bands that also shine when exposed to light. You can print your initials or anything else on it, and they show up in the dark.

NO. MO-212 30c

. . . a roar of motors overhead . . . an explosion in the blacked-out darkness, then a splintering crash . . . someone is hurt!

"BLACKOUT KIT" CONTAINS BOTH FLASHLIGHT AND FIRST AID MATERIALS

. . . as soon as you know someone is injured, you move fast! Feeling your way to the "Blackout Kit," you lift the lid, take out the flashlight, and illuminate the other contents of the box. Still using the flashlight, you apply the necessary mercuriochrome, gauze, bandages, etc., that the injured person so badly needs.

TAKE IT ON HIKES

Army men have their medical corps and you have your "Blackout Kit." Carry it on excursions into the woods . . . on trips of all kinds. Accidents may come at any time of day or night.

TELL MOTHER AND DAD ABOUT INEXPENSIVE "BLACKOUT KIT"

They'll be proud of you for pointing out the necessity of being prepared for night accidents. Show them that the flashlight is important because electric lights can't be turned on in a blackout and, besides, a nearby bomb explosion may permanently disable electric wiring.

No. MO-217—Complete "Blackout Kit" 60c

_____ If items ordered separately: _____

No. MO-173—First Aid Kit only 40c

No. MO-218—Flashlight only 30c

(The little flashlight would make a nice present for your girl.
Mother would love to keep one in her handbag.)

Send order and remittance to:

TREASURE HOUSE DEPT., NOVELTY PRESS, INC.

119 W. 19th STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

(No shipments made outside U. S. because of uncertain mail deliveries.)

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BOOM!

BULL'S-EYE... EVERY TIME!!!

SERGEANT SPOOK

BLUE BOLT

KRISKO AND JASPER

SUPER-HORSE

THE CADET

SUB-ZERO

THE TARGET

SPACE-HAWK

DICK COLE

EDISON BELL

ACTION!



THE CHAMELEON



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WOODMAN'S TEST (MICKEY SPIWANE)

TEXT

2

DAN'L FLANNEL

BART TURNER *

10

CADET (Gavin)

JORDAN *

16

(4F)